

**Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumî**

**Dîvân-i Kebir
Meter 8b**

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Remil

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archegos



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Echo Publications
Los Angeles, California USA

Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Nevit Oguz Ergin

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Turkish Republic Ministry of Culture

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Introduction

Nevit Ergin has done a great act of service by bringing *The Shams* (Rumi's *Divani Shamsi Tabris*) over into English in its entirety for the first time.

Dr. Ergin's mission was suggested to him by his teacher in the 1950's. Hasan Sushud told him that the most powerful text on the way of spiritual annihilation was Rumi's *Divan*. Ergin has been absorbed in studying that work for over forty years. It has involved a lot of remembering, contrition, austerity, and fasting.

When I sit with Nevit Ergin, I feel the depth of the silence and the vast emptiness this spiritual practice has brought him into. He is a beautiful man. His mother tongue is Turkish. In translating the *Divan* he has worked from Golpinarli's Turkish translation. But despite this secondhand relaying process (from Rumi's Persian to Golpinarli's Turkish to Ergin's English), the attunement to Mevlana is strongly felt. I have nothing but profound respect for the devotion that brought these volumes he calls "meters" (from their being grouped into poems all of the same rhyme and rhythm scheme) into being.

Coleman Barks

Acknowledgements

For many, many years , Terry Peart has been editing and typing my manuscripts, and for this my sincere thanks. My gratitude goes to the Minister of Culture of the Republic of Turkey, Mr. Isternihan Talay, and his deputy, Professor Dr. Osman Tekin Aybas, for their continued support. My gratitude also goes to Coleman Barks for his kind introduction. And finally, special thanks to all those too numerous to mention who have played a part in this monumental project.

Translator's Note

Because of its length, the meter *Bahr-i Remil* has been published in two volumes as 8a and 8b. The rhyme scheme for these two volumes is *fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun*.

Mevlana expressed many of the gazels (poems) in this meter at various special occasions and gatherings. Consequently, a search through its pages uncovers several important facts about Shems of Tebriz.

Golpinarli noticed in gazel 52 (found in Meter 8a) the mention by Mevlana of an old man.

In gazel 223 found in this volume, Meter 8b, Mevlana also refers repeatedly to Shems of Tebriz as an old man:

In front of His throne there is an old man.
He is tapping his feet on the ground.
Keeps dancing.
But he is an ocean of knowledge,
Is smart, intelligent, has power and control.

I am bewildered by the light of this old man.
He annihilated himself in the Beloved.
He has a face like a mirror.

Apart from the references by Mevlana in Meters 8a & b of *Divân-i Kebîr*, there are a series of dates to confirm that Shems was indeed very old when he met Mevlana. Shems mentions in his *Makalat* a person named Shihabeddin Suhraverdi-i Maktul, who died in

د . 1234

ب . 1131. He talks about him as though they had at one time met. Shems also mentions in his *Makaalat* that he saw and spent time with Fahr-i Razî, who died in 1210. Shems met Evhadaddin Kirmani of Baghdad, who died in 1237. And finally, Shems shared discussions with Ibn-i Arabi, who died in 1241.

In conjunction with the references in the poems, these dates indicate that when he met Mevlana, Shems was well over seventy.

Nevit O. Ergin
Translator

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 8b
Bahr-i Remil

Ƣâilâtun, Ƣâilâtun, Ƣâilâtun, Ƣâilât

archegos

123.

Verse 1057

What a terrible thing it is
That we suffer from a hundred thousand griefs.¹
Call us to that group of drunks,
So we can drink wine with them.

We will drink the wine that was offered
To good, auspicious people
At the assembly called, "they drink,"²
With Cunceyd, Beyezid, Sibli and Edhem.

We don't go through the trouble of evening,
Because the moon in our hearts
Cannot be covered by clouds.
We won't go into mourning,
Because there is no death for lovers.

Who is "Self"? A fragile woman
That we will draw out of our sword.
If we wound someone, it should be Rustem,
And Rustem is the one who should hurt us.

This world is a man eater.
It keeps eating the people on the earth.
The creator sends us here to eat the earth.
This world is very deceitful with promises
Of tomorrow, tomorrow, O my beautiful son.
We are smarter than that,
Because we know only the moment we are in.

If we were born from a fairy, fairies gather at night.
If we are the sons of Adam,
We drink that wine with humans.

Sometimes, we gather the pearl of drunkenness,
At other times we yell by night,
A low pitch, with the tambourine.

We are fish. The sea of love is our cupbearer.
If we drink more or less, it doesn't matter.
The sea won't change.

At times we fill our belly with the sun and moon.
At times we eat the clouds
Without a belly like the sun.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are a Sultan,
We are your slaves.
In your time,
We drink wine with the glass of Cem.³



124.

Verse 1068

Jclosed the top of the jar; its side is open.
The jar's maker is the One
Who knows the condition of the jar.

Jugs need pitchers, pitchers need rivers.
What is inside of the jar?
Whatever is inside the river.

There are so many drunks
Whose jar nobody has ever seen.
Everybody has been trying to find the jar
In the universe by its smell;
They turn upside down.

If the smart ones, the naive ones
Haven't received the smell of the jar,
Will that cause gossip about the jar
Among the people?
Would that be the talk of everyone?

The smell of Your jar made the people
Fond of the cupbearer's jug.
Thousands of Turks,
Thousands of people of Rum's land,
Became slaves to the jar,
Thousands of Hindus became servants.

A witch rode the jar from town to town.
The witch who rides the jar
Laughs bitterly at other witches.

O Heart, run around drunk like wine
With ecstasy, all by yourself.
You walk with the smell of jar toward the jar
And see the face of the jar.

Reach out to the jar and see a drunk
Who escaped from the world there.
O the heart and Soul of his uncle,
He fell next to the jar, just like saying,
"I am the uncle of the jar."

Turn your face from this side to the other side.
There, there is no room for gossip and words.
When you surpass the six dimensions,
Then you will find the jar.



125.

Verse 1077

Since I have known you, O muddy earth,
I have had so much grief, suffered so much from you.
I found you nothing but trouble and calamity.

You are not the land of Jesus.
You are a pasture for donkeys.
How did I get to know you?
How did I become a part of you?

Since you set me a table,
You didn't give me one drop of sweet water.
You tied my hands and feet
When I became aware of my hands and feet.

I know why you tied hands and feet.
God called you a cradle.⁴
But I am aware of my hands and feet.
I will untie them.

"O flower, how could you be so mature
In the time of your childhood?" I asked the flower.
"Since I met the first morning
Breeze and morning dew,
I lost my childhood." said the flower.

I will follow the way of the One
From whom I learned the way
And will extend my hand to heaven
From the bottom of earth.

The great branch comes from heaven.
That's why it ascends to heaven.
I also learned of my origin.

How long will I be talking up and down,
Since I don't belong here.
My origin is the land of absence.
I shall rise to my origin.

Enough, be silent.
Be annihilated, go to Absence, be nothing.
Look and see, I have seen everything in Nothing.



126.

Verse 1086

I have obtained a glass
From the sultan of sultans, Shemseddin.
I have found the fountain of the Sun
Inside of that glass.

The eyes are unable to look
At the brilliance of his chest and body.
I am grateful to God
That I have found a charmer like that.

The justice of love crushed the head of sorrow
Like a snake, because I found such a friend,
Such a peer on these two worlds.

I have submerged into his curly hair
And found an amazing thing.
I have found amber inside of musk.

If you look at my soul which resembles a parrot,
You will see that it flutters its wings and flies
Around his ruby lips saying it has found sugar.

If they ask you, tell them
I have found love, drunkenness, youth
And fondness for wine in that ruby colored glass.

If there is someone who denies that,
Put a rope around his neck
And pull that black-faced unbeliever over here.

Look at his face that is surrounded
By his hair, burning with flame.
I have found a censer
Which smells of musk and amber on that face.

If he opens his ruby lips and scatters pearls,
Say, "I have found a door for Meray in the Sun."

I found a head in front of many heads and hearts
Just like the place where they sell cooked heads.

When I looked carefully,
That head was my head, filled with his love.
In short, I have found a point of view
Beyond both worlds.

I have seen the One who denied the Sun
At the sign of Taurus.
I searched for the Bull, but I found a donkey
On my sign of Taurus.

I looked at the rank of Rustem-hearted ones,
I saw the Sultan.
When I gave up on him,
I found heroes don't stay in rows.

I tried to sail toward Tebriz,
But couldn't go there.
Because my boat was anchored with my Soul.



127.

Verse 1100

Ghemseddin is more beautiful than Joseph,
More delicate than all the graceful ones.
He shows coyness to all Sultans and great ones.

His place is far above the most exalted ones.
He shies off even the one
Who attained all merciful God's compassion.

He has acquired divine attributes, reached maturity.
He sits at the throne of the Sultan
And shows coyness with the throne and crown.

A party is beautified with him.
War is calmed down because of him.
He shows coyness to earth's favors and struggles.

God has put the key of His treasure in front of him.
God has made him charming and graceful
With His love and kindness.

He shines like the sun
Among a hundred thousand moons.
The word of "graceful"
Is the word that praises Sultans.

The one who becomes the dirt
Of the place on which he steps,
Turns into the greatest among the great.
He is the most graceful among all the drunks.

He plunges into a wave in which even
God's bravest is afraid to dive.
He gracefully sleeps
Among those dangerous waves.



128.

Verse 1108

🕒 Lover, open your eyes
And see the four rivers in you,
Rivers of water, wine, milk and honey.

O Lover, look at yourself,
Don't get involved with the world.
Don't repeat when someone says this,
Others say that.

I am the slave, servant of the rose
Whose Soul's eyes are open.
They don't care when some call him a thorn
And others call him jasmine.
He couldn't care less.

Someone called you an unbeliever,
Others religious.
Never mind those.
Open your eyes,
From now on, don't look with people eyes.

God gave you such eyes of Soul
That even the Archangel Gabriel's big wings
Prostrate in front of your sleepy looks.

Don't close your eyes to the narcissus
And open the vulture's eyes.
Don't close the eyes of soul,
And don't look at anything with crossed eyes.

The lovers of forms and shapes
Fall into forms and shapes,
Like the flies which fall into a bowl of buttermilk,
With the hope of honey.

Be joyful, O one who falls in love with immortality.
Why do you worry about mud
As long as you have that kind of wing?

If you want to have the Archangel Gabriel
Become your slave,
Go, prostrate in front of Adam, O Devil,
The one who was exiled from God's mercy.

If the bloodthirsty desert knew about my heart,
He would see a rose garden
And a clear, pure river everywhere.

O the one who is content with the goodness
And badness of people
And becomes involved with them,
What can I say?
God will be your helper.

Even the sky couldn't take God's trust,⁵
But God's Shems spread it around the earth.



129.

Verse 1120

You made a fool out of yourself
For just one slice of bread,
O stupid, ignorant one.
Circling around bread
Made your black face even darker.

O fool, when you see your black face,
Your blind eye in the mirror,
You laugh at the mirror and make fun of it.

Page 205 of original Divan

But you are only fooling yourself, not the mirror.
Anybody with their right mind will see your face.

You make fun with your double face
That is the most stupid charlatan.

If you want to shed your own blood,
Go ahead, what can I do?
The thief deserves to be hanged.

The one who makes fun of a God-loving person
Will have his head cut with the sword
Of a brave executioner.

Even if he prayed with all the men in earth,
All the angels in the sky,
Still God would overpower him,
Wouldn't let him take even a short breath.

If there is one lesson for man to learn,
It is the lesson of the devil
When the devil looked down to Adam,
He was eternally disgraced.

That tyrant falsely accuses lovers;
He feels pity, laments them.

Abu Cehil⁶ used to make fun of Ahmed.⁷
So did the coward Pharaoh
Who also made a mockery of Imran's son, Moses.

They endure, at the end,
The smoke of God's punishment
Descending on their heads.

Lungs turn to blood by the blame of the envious,
The pain of their mockery burns men's souls.

Even if you escape from them and hide in the cave,
Love will pull you out with His club.

He makes you taste poison
From every insensible, frozen one,
Gives you a gift from every envious one.

This has happened to lovers
Since the beginning of the world.
That's what lovers go through every time.

If you are in the religion of love,
Be ready to be blamed and accused.
Don't be offended by the slander of the enemy.

Lovers resemble bronze and iron workers;
Their faces are always black and dirty.

Iron and bronze worker's faces are blackened
From the furnace and the boiler.
But around the furnace,
The boiler also becomes black.

At the end, the black on the face of lovers
Makes their accuser's face darker.

Even the love of forms and appearances
Attracts the animosity of jealous people.
Think about the love for the Sultan
Who creates forms and appearances.

What would happen to the one who is in love
With the one who creates and destroys shapes,
Gives kingdom and adds Soul to Souls?

What would happen to the one who is in love
With the essence of God's secrets,
Shemseddin, whom Tebriz praises,
The source of being, walking light.?



130.

Verse 1142

How could every old catamite
Interfere in my business?
Their self-spoiled qualities
Should stay away from my beloved.

My heart has even omitted praising my beloved,
Because of the shame and wickedness they have.

The soil of curse should be poured on the head
Of the obnoxious, cruel person
Who troubles me with his bad behavior.

That thief whose hand has been cut off
Steals my thoughts, then rents
A store in my bazaar to try to sell my goods.

He is not ashamed in front of my face.
But where is shame? Where is he?
God would punish him
For all the secrets he learned from me.

Wherever that thief goes,
He loses his way with his wickedness.
O my God, he doesn't show any respect
To my beloved.

How could he climb beyond the throne of God
With a sharp mind and clean heart
And remember my beloved?

O my poor heart, don't be afraid
To be friends with incorrigible ones,
Because all the bad things they do
Are beyond their control.
This has been and will always be like that.

Those rude, shameless people
Also eat bread and drink water.
I feel shame seeing that.
This shame stops me from eating bread.

But be patient,
Good news will come from that beautiful face.
Be patient until my cloud appears and rains pearls.

"Don't quit praising that sea of purity and clarity.
Don't turn your face away from that."
That's what I call patience,
O Heart, listen to me, carefully.

Assume no understanding is left on earth
Because of subtle meanings;
The smell of the sea of my heart
And Soul remain to scatter pearls.

Even if others cannot get the smell,
Isn't it possible that the master of Masters, my Sultan,
The Sultan of Sultans,
My Shemseddin could not get this smell?
My work is to worship Him
Until the day of the last judgment.

Tebriz has been growing with tulip gardens
And rose saplings in the wine of my Soul,
Reflecting and moving on my face.

O my graceful, delicate beauty,
O my Sultan who doesn't hurt anyone,
O my master,
This zeal is the perseverance of your secret.

I dare to compare your effort to keep a secret,
But my compass couldn't measure your jealousy.

O my master, Shemseddin,
I know your awareness will hear my cries
Behind so many covers.

The stones that come
From every direction to my stony chest
Come from the zeal of God's light; you see that.

Don't let this cavalry of Soul
Come down from his horse and settle anywhere,
But your tent, your place.

If he settles down somewhere else
Besides your place, your tent,
I pray that God makes me disappear.

Last night I saw hundreds of desires in one vein,
Hundreds of snake eggs.
I wanted to try and see what my snake would do.

Suddenly I saw a snake growing every moment,
I was sorry for what I did, I repent.


I wanted to kill the snake,
But the snake was biting earth
With its poisonous fangs.

Almost, he was saying how could this student
Become so bad, behave like this rebel?
My God, don't waste my effort, my zeal.



131.

Verse 1166

 Sun, once more fill the house with light.
Cheer the friends and blind the enemies.

Rise from behind the mountain,
Change the stone to ruby.
Once more, ripen our grapes.

O sun, once more make the garden
And meadow green,
Dress the plains and valleys
Filled with houris.

O doctor of Love, O light of sky,
Hold the lovers' hands,
Find cures for the sick ones.

It is not fair that a face as beautiful as the moon
Stays behind the clouds.
Make the clouds go away from that face.

If you want to enlighten the earth,
Take your hands away from your face.
If you want the dark, cover your face.



132.

Verse 1172

I wish my soul wouldn't know anybody but You.
I wish my soul which knows the meanings
Wouldn't know anything but You.

I wish I didn't hesitate, accept or deny anybody.
I wish I was submerged in my own sea
Without *ifs* and *buts*, without traps.

The light of my eyes is decreasing
If I see anything besides Your face.
Don't let anybody pass through.
O my eyelashes, close the curtains.

My soul is so refined with the subtlety of love
That I don't want heart or soul anymore
To compare with my soul now.
Where is the old one? Where is this one?

My face is sour like a cloud because
I am jealous of my sweet beloved.
My proof is your face which resembles the Sun.

Don't turn Your face
From me for even one moment
For fear that the smoke of my fiery heart
May burn the sky,
Incite one against the other,
Whatever exists in the sky.

When I am silent
I harvest sweet basil from your rose garden.
When I cry
The earth is filled with the smell of my sweet basil.

Who am I for You?
Someone. You name him.
But who are You for me?
My Sultan, my Sultan.

I lose my way when Your hair covers Your face.
Your hair is my curse, Your face is my faith.

O One who is closer⁸ to my soul than my cry,
Either my cry comes from You
Or You are my cry.



133.

Verse 1182

My Sultan of the beautiful face like the moon
Came close to His patients and told them,
“O pale faces, O my garden of saffron.

I will water My garden of saffron,
I will change saffron to rose with My water of life.”

Yellow is under our command, so is red.
Rose is under our control so are thorns.
They can do nothing without our wishes.

All the beauties of this earth
Have stolen beauty from us.
They all see our kindness,
Our favor, particle by particle.

These moon-faced beauties eventually wither,
Their faces turn into fall leaves.
That's what happens to thieves in our temple.

It is morning now, O ones in earth,
Give back what you have stolen.
When has earth ever had wealth
And beauty, O my soul?

When night comes,
Since the sun is not around,
The stars start talking.
Venus says, "This is mine,"
The moon adds, "But this one is mine."

Jupiter pulls out a caferi⁹ gold from its pocket,
Mars shows it to Saturn and says,
"This is my sharp dagger."

Mercury sits at the head of the table and says,
"I am the greatest of the great.
The sky is my property,
Signs are all born from my Soul."

The games of Mars and Saturn
Are spoiled by our light.
Jupiter became broke, needs our bag.

When the sun rides his horse in the square,
A sound comes, "Come to yourself,
O rude, shameless one, get out of my place."

I am the Sun of Sun,
You go, O sun, fall into the well of the west,
Get into my dungeon.

At morning time, come back to life,
Rise from the grave of the East.
Tell my proof to the ones who deny
The last day of judgment.

The moon which has been sacrificed to Him
Is festivity for everyone.
O One who became my sacrifice,
Your festivity is the moon which rose from me.

Shems of Tebriz rose from the sign
Which is not in the cast¹⁰ and shone.
His glory exceeds my limit, my limited capacity.



134.

Verse 1197

○ my life who adds Soul to my soul,
Lift the curtain.

O One who takes care of my grief,
Who will stay with me all night long,

O One who hears my cries, timely and untimely,

O One who puts fire in every atom of my being,

When my wail echoes on the mountain,
You will hear the sound of the mountain
Accompany my sounds and cry with me.

You are devoid of all form, clean from souls.
You don't have any form,
Yet You are the magnet to all my forms.

I would be tied in a small place,
Even the valley where I stay,
Vast and heartwarming,
If I attempted to do something without Your joy.

Pleasure, drinking, mind,
Thought, garden and meadows
Are all empty without You.
Every one of them becomes a headache,
A big heavy log on my feet.

I will be a slave to myself
As much as I try to escape from myself.
When I untie my feet, I see my feet
Are immediately tied again.

Some nights or early mornings, I feel desperate.
"Rise, rise," I say, "reflect on my roof."

Right then I turn into such a shape with sweetmeat
That I lose myself; I say,
"This is me, this is my sugar and my sweetmeat."

Tonight is one of the lonely nights.
Mercy for us that I will read
My love-book to you tonight.

I empty my bags tonight in order for my wails
And cries to come out nice and clean,
Like a reed flute.

From now on I am not a bag of bread,
I am a bag of wind,
Because my heart is bright with these cries.

There is no help,
No remedy to our sickness and trouble, but You.
You are soul's Galinos,¹¹ my Ebu Ali Sina.¹²



135.

Verse 1210

Everything which gives pleasure to the head
Is in my beloved's smell.
Everything which makes the heart wonder
Is the light of my beloved.

Why this exuberance of the earth
And the things inside of the earth?
My barkeeper poured
A small drop of wine, that's why.

The one who is in love with his work
Is the one who is frozen.
Ignore him. Look at my business.

The secrets of the world are manifest in the spring.
My secret also grows,
Becomes green when spring comes.

The rose garden of earth is covered by thorns.
But when my rose garden blooms,
I won't have any thorns there.

Spring gives an elixir to the one
Who became sick in the autumn.
My sickness starts when spring smiles.

What is the wind of autumn?
Your breath of denial.
What is the breeze of spring?
My breath of acknowledgment.



136.

Verse 1217

🕉 lovers, may all your drinks do good for you,
This world become a sugar mine for you.

O lovers, the sounds of well wishes
Have ascended to the throne.
This caravan has gone beyond earth and heaven.

What can I talk about from the sea coast,
What can I say?
Soul's sea has no beginning, no end.
It is beyond existence and Absence.

O lovers, we are up, then down,
Prostrating like waves to see a trace
Of the one whose trace doesn't appear.

O lovers, if somebody asks, "Who are you?"
Answer him without hesitation,
"We are the soul to the Soul of soul."

If someone who is not a diver
Doesn't know how to swim,
The sea of Soul forgives him,
Gives its pearls free of charge, O lovers.

O lovers, there are the words of,
"This should be like that, that will be like this."
These words will put people in a ditch.
We are saved from this and that.

When I gave up hope of finding the heart.
I came back.
Then I found that the heart is sleeping
With the Beloved, O lovers.

O lovers, I said, "O Heart,
What a nice place to choose for sleep."
He smiled, "The one who wants a rose
Will pick the rose from the rose garden," he said.

There is a rose under my feet
And roses under their feet.
But how could I tell this at the assembly
Of the ones who deny it?

What a happy moment it is that
We become drunk with the love of the Beloved;
Then our soul cannot differentiate
Our robe from the sky.¹³

The sea of love is a peerless sea
That has neither down,
Up nor in between, O lovers.

O lovers, when the sparks of Shems of Tebriz
Appear from the East,
Earth and sky turn into Soul.



137.

Verse 1226

There is another bird
Which flies in the heart of lovers.
He carries the bones of lovers
To that stately bird, Huma.¹⁴

Alas, alas, I wish your eyes could see
How the hearts of lovers are going away in the sky.

Headless camels are climbing
To the height of the sky.
At the caravan of lovers, don't look at the camel
Whose head is attached to its body,

Go, the One whose trace
Doesn't appear with jealousy.
If He didn't say, "The trace doesn't appear."
The dead would fly.

When the bone of a lover comes to the grave,
The table master of lovers will prepare
A hundred different meals out of it.

If it were proper to bring out the secrets of lovers
At the time of death,
Which is like the wedding night for lovers,
Every particle would play
The tambourine and clap its hands.

When the body of the lover
Descends to the ground,
Hundreds of windows
Are opened in the sky of lovers.

O saints, the lover is covered by the coffin,
But they watch Kafdagi.¹⁵
It is amazing that the death of a lover
Is either an illusion or a trial.

It was a harvest of roses that passed away
With the death of saffron's branch.
But lover's saffron
Is worth hundreds of rose gardens.

O the zeal of the Prophet of gallant ones,
Don't close my mouth so I can tell of two or three
Subtle points from the tongues of lovers.



138.¹⁶

Verse 1232

The best journey for me
Is the journey from existence to Absence.
Existence is the curtain to the land of Absence.

Existence is like water, Absence is the sweet sea.
When clean, pure water stays in ponds,
It turns into a swamp, becomes turbid and fetid.

There is a relief to the heart in telling, explaining
That the bird of heart almost flies.
But, O my Heart, fly secretly,
Don't fly in front of eyes.

Chickens fly into the garden to eat grain.
Birds fly and rise to the sky to be free.

O friend, there is a difference
Between the two flights.
One is to fly to the bottom, the other to heaven.

At the beginning, both flights have joy,
But after a while the difference becomes obvious.



139.

Verse 1238

Don't worry if pleasure and beauty
Leave your hands.
For sure they will come back
With different shapes and forms to you.

Wasn't the baby pleased by milk and the nanny?
After he is weaned from milk,
He gets pleasure from wine and honey.

Although that joy has no quality and quantity,
It comes in different shapes.
It is poured from one cup to the other
In this world of mud.

He shows His beauty in the rain and wind
That flow to the rose garden.
There, grasses and flowers appear from the ground.

That joy comes sometimes through water,
Sometimes through bread and meat.
Sometimes it appears on a beautiful face,
Sometimes on a horse saddle.

Page 207 of original Divan

Suddenly He comes, one day,
Through all these curtains
And breaks all the idols.
At that time, there will be no this, nor that.

In sleep, the soul leaves the body
And goes to the world of dreams.
The body becomes motionless,
Don't look for anything better than this as a model.

You say, "I saw myself in a dream.
I was like a cypress, my face was like a tulip garden,
My body like rose and jasmine."

But the image of the cypress will be gone
When the soul comes back to its home.
There are signs in this for people who reflect.¹⁷

I am afraid to instigate trouble,
Otherwise I would have so much to tell.
God will say it better than me,
You hold onto the strap of the saddle.

Fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilât,
If you don't have barley bread,
At least tell stories about barley.

At the end, O Tebriz of Soul,
Keep looking at the stars of heart,
And see that earth's sun
Is a light reflected from Shemseddin.



140.

Verse 1250

Every morning, play the organ like that.
It is wonderful, my beauty, just play like that.

Days are drunk because of your face,
Nights are devastated by your hair.
O my beauty, your blasphemy
Is like that, your belief is like that.

Give the harp to the arms of Venus, like that.
O bright Moon, start dancing like that.

If people want to smell musk and amber,
Untie your hair, scatter it around.

If the wheel of fortune doesn't turn your way,
Burn that wheel, like that.

Today is the day of the party.
O love, hold our hands,
Take us to where the Sultan has set His throne.

O my companion,
You are drunk, but walk slowly forward.
There is a short distance left
Between us and that place.

Follow Shems of Tebriz,
Pass through darkness, reach the garden.



141.

Verse 1258

A wise man is afraid to have a bad reputation;
Be gossiped about,
Yet the lover is not by himself,
Becomes disgraced every moment.

A wise person is afraid to be drowned.
Yet Lovers keep trying to submerge into water.

Wise men rest after they have found comfort,
Yet it is a shame for lovers
To be peaceful and comfortable.

The lover is completely alone among people,
Just like olive oil.
Olive oil is with water in the same cup,
But doesn't mix with water.

Who is the one who gives advice to lovers?
There is nothing for lovers
But to be a clown to love.

Love smells of musk.
Because of that, everybody notices it.
How could one miss the smell of musk?

Love resembles the tree,
Lovers are its shadow.
Even if they extend to a distance,
They are still attached to the tree.

The growth of a child to become old
Is a matter of mind.
Otherwise, at the stage of love,
Old has to be young.

O Shems of Tebriz,
The one who lowers himself with your love,
He chooses to become low in your love.
He resembles your love
To ascend from great to greatness.



142.

Verse 1267

He stands on the corner
And waits until souls put their body dresses on.

At that side, rinds¹⁸ take the dresses off all night,
So you can see me and us, without I and we.

His people in the land of Rum steal dresses,
Negroes sew dresses.
Be happy for the one who steals the dress,
Long life for the one who takes dresses off.

To raise his head,
Give up his soul is the work for candles.
The one who becomes a candle to a candle holder
Has to be able to do both of these works.

Whoever gives up life faster than the other
Will have much more light.
Put your head under his feet, clap your hands.

If someone whose face is as beautiful as the moon
Holds you in his arms, leave hypocrisy,
Grab him tightly, give him your heart.

Scatter to the earth like flowers,
Grow in His garden every moment.
The face of the rose should be on the face of rose.
Jasmine should live with jasmine in a close embrace.

Lovers have picked up the veils
From the face of beauties,
Because there is no difference
Of men and women in the world of union.

Watch the Souls,
How they dance around the graves of bodies.
They have seen hundreds of thousands of beings.
All of them have surpassed their being.

His amber-smelling hair says to the souls of rinds,
“Get up, O rind, here is the robe, let’s do dancing.

Look at love’s Murtaza,¹⁹ Shems of Tebriz.
Watch the one who is satisfied with his love.
I have been stained with my own blood,
Like Huseyin,²⁰
I am like Hasan, drinking poison.



143.

Verse 1278

*L*overs cry like a reed flute,
Love is like the flute player.
Let's see what this love
Will be playing with my flute.

The reed flute is in the front,
But the musician is hiding.
My flute became drunk from his ruby lips.

He sometimes fondles the flute,
Sometimes he bites it.
Alas, that beautiful-voiced flute breaker,
Flute player, alas.

The candle is his face, beauty is his face.
Wine is his ruby lips, the snack is his lips.
His ruby lips make Hasan²¹ drunk,
Also Hasan's father.

It is such a beauty that Hasan's father
Became drunk with his smell.
Hasan gave up the smell, has sugar in his mouth.

The sky is such a mantle that it is making Sema,
But the Sufi doesn't appear.
O Muslim, who has ever seen the mantle
Dancing without a body?

The mantle dances with a body,
The body is with a soul,
And the neck of soul is tied
By the rope of the Beloved's love.

O drunken heart,
"His wine didn't work," you said.
Nobody has drunk His wine
And been able to stay sober.



144.

Verse 1286

His face is ordering me
To go from Kaaba to the tavern.
His hair is accusing us of being
A tight-rope walker right here.

Mind is saying, "I am a pearl,
It is not good to break the pearl."
Love says, "Pick up our stone and crush that pearl."

Our stone crushed the pearl,
This is the fault of our stone.
It is a pity for the Soul
Who is slave to the body.

Isn't it enough for heart that the Beloved
Touched His hand in his blood?
Isn't it happy for the idol,
That someone like Abraham broke it?

Whoever He felt sorry for and looked for,
He is saved from the search.
Whoever He called "ours"
Is free from himself and others.

The one who stays in the desert or on the plain
Is safe from earthquakes.
The one who is in the sea
Is not afraid of being undressed.

What harm came to Solomon
From being a fisherman?
Wealth and glory don't change the devil;
He is still a devil.

If a ring is lost, what happens?
Since he has a finger, that is also a ring.
The ring was a curtain for him.
O evil eye, don't do any harm to him.

But the evil eye harms himself.
Our Beauty with the moon face doesn't care for him.
The candle won't have a bad reputation,
Even if its light is hidden under the cover.



145.

Verse 1295

It is really a pity to have a sober man
Among all these people who are in eestasy
And have lost their minds; it is really a pity.

O cupbearer, offer wine generously,
Keep giving it until no one will stay in his right mind.

Beloved, keep saying if you are in love,
Be crazy, insane.
Really, it is odd to have one sane man
Among all the insane ones.

If a sober man comes and wants to become one of us,
"There is no way, I am busy," you say.
If a lover comes, grab his hands, pull him inside.

Where does the thing you call "shame" come from,
Why do you see something shameful?
It is from the bored, tired mind.
Shame is inside of the mind.
Have you seen a thirsty one blame the rain cloud?

The mind that denies,
Never gives up a trace, the evidence.
You walk without a track or trace.
Go without trace or evidence so you won't be hurt
By the one whose trace of dust won't appear.

If a crude, inconsiderate one
Takes you to the coppersmith, be Joseph,
Sold as a slave. No harm will come.
If a thorn doesn't know you, be a rose garden.
Don't pay attention.

Be Jesus²² who doesn't have a house. That's alright.
Be an eye, that if there is no cover for you,
You say it is all right.



146.

Verse 1303

Spring, you are our soul,
Give us new life, refresh us.
Open the flowers to the gardens,
Rejuvenate the plains and fields.

The rose is shining with its beauty,
The bird has learned how to talk,
But nothing moves without the morning breeze.
Now, let the morning wind blow.

The Cypress tells the iris to,
“Open your mouth and talk.”
The iris ask for loyalty from the tulip, saying,
“Show your loyalty.”

The plane trees are playing the tambourine,
Pines are clapping their hands.
The doves are singing, “coo coo,”
Asking Him to continue His grace, His kindness.

The pink rose stands up, violets bend down,
The grape's leaves are prostrating,
Watch and see and call for a new prayer.

All the flowers are for peace
Except that bad-tempered thorn; he wants war.
O Vâmik,²³ get up,
Renew the oath you made with Azrâ.²⁴

The voice of thunder is saying,
"Here is the cloud raining musk to the ground,
O rose garden, wash your face,
Clean your hands and feet."

The narcissus came close to the nightingale,
Blinking his eyes and saying,
"Start singing new love songs."

The nightingale saw that, listened to those words
And told the Sabbek's²⁵ rose,
"If you want to listen,
Here is the melody of hopeless lovers."

The ones who are dressed like Hizir
Covered themselves with green,
"Come on", they say,
"It is time to renew the secrets of dervishes."

The Van²⁶ rose, Sakiz²⁷ rose, and jasmine say,
"No, see the chemistry of silence and renew that."



147.

Verse 1314

Don't be coy for those graceful sultans.
Gold won't shine in front of truth's sun;
It has no value.

You become a shadow to yourself,
Disappear in the sun's light.
How long will you be watching your shadow?
Look at the sun's light.

You don't know anything,
You are preoccupied by yourself, rolling over.
Be a man, then roll
Among the flowers and jasmine in the garden.

The one who is in the dark is afraid of himself
Because of his imagination, sees scary specters.

The caravan feels safe
With the appearance of the morning star.
Because of the horizon,
Friends and people are all fine by daylight.

When day breaks, the night bird says,
"What is that darkness?"
Because he is the inhabitant of night,
Everything he knows is darkness.

How lucky is that bird who is not fond
Of the charms of evening.
He follows Shemseddin and comes to Tebriz.



148.

Verse 1321

O light of the sky, O God's compassion to earth,
Hear my cry, see my sorry situation.

I have escaped to You from thousands of troubles,
I took refuge in You.
Either put Your hand of pity on my head
Or shake Your sleeve, be kind, do a favor.

Either send the cloud of Mercy
To extinguish the fire of grief
Or free me from this fiery world, like Jesus.

Either grant my wishes or make wishes go away.
Quit promising tomorrow, tomorrow.
Either do it that way or do it this way.

Either open the door of,
"Surely we have given to you a clear victory,"²⁸
So I can see hundreds of thousands of rose gardens,
Hundreds of thousands of jasmines

Or with the verse of,
"Have we not expanded for you your breast?"²⁹,
Flow four rivers from my heart,
A river of water, river of wine,
River of milk and river of honey.

**O Sana'i,³⁰ go ask for help
From the soul of the Prophet Mohammed.
The Prophet came to the universe only for mercy.**



149.

Verse 1328

My Beloved acts
Like a stranger on the surface,
Loves me secretly.
Even if his tongue talks bitterly,
He has sugar in his mouth.

I have never seen such an enemy
Who is full of love,
Appears as a stranger,
But down deep is a close friend.

If I mention his love, the Beloved becomes angry.
But you don't become a tactless lover,
Never turn your face from him, never.

The bitterness of the beautiful one
Resembles the bitterness of wine;
It will go along with the taste of man
He gives him joy, but makes his mouth bitter.

To die in front of Him is sweeter than sugar.
The only one who knows this
Is the one who has died.
Don't ask live ones.

How happy a day is that day
When I will give my soul while I prostrate
In the presence of love.
Read this gazel.

Love asked the bird of Soul,
“Do you want to get in the cage?”
The bird said, “Never mind the cage,
Break it up, all I want is you.”



150.

Verse 1335

If I told the words I use when I praise you,
A dead disciple would tear his coffin,
Come back to life.

Yet my disciple won't die,
Because he drank the water of life
From the hand of generous God's cupbearers.

O One who is salvation to the living,
Soul to the dead,
You make an idol inside of me,
Break them outside of me.

If a glorious wind throws the cover from your face,
That rose will melt with shame,
Become a drop of water.
Neither the green nor I will stay.

If that moment comes when you
Open your lips which are sweeter than wine,
Every leaf of jasmine
Will weigh three batman³¹ from drunkenness.

When the time comes,
You will offer a drink to lovers, give your heart.
The soul will be freed from devoutness,
And we will lose consciousness.

The heart will be hung,
If he has stolen something from You.
The end of a thief is to be hung,
Nothing else can be done.

If every thief should be hung like that,
The whole world, all men and women,
Would like to become thieves.

The smallest miracle in that kind of hanging
Is to drink the water of life and reach immortality.

If you have the phoenix taste,
The pleasure of the burning with your candle,
You will give him wings like a moth.
The Phoenix burns himself,
Puts his head under the basin, hides there.

The beauty of your art is reflected
One moment in the idol house.
There the Shaman turns it into an idol;
Sometimes the idol becomes a Shaman.

When the praise of the Ahmed
Is written over the cross,
The secret of union will be heard from the idol.

O Beauty of Hut³²,
Your love has been riding the heart
As fast as possible.

Your exuberance has made me insane.
I fall into mischief.
That's the way the insane becomes exuberant,
That's what he deserves.

Where is the poem? Where am I?
But one of the Turks comes, whistles in my ear.
I ask him, "Hey, who are you?"

Who is Turk, who is Tacik?
Who is the one from the land of Rum?
Who is Negro?
You are the one who knows everything, hair to hair.

A poem is the dress of a another poem,
But who is inside of the poem?
Either a Houri who adorns the dress,
Or Satan who takes off the dress.

We will remove his poem from our head
And throw it away.
Take the houri in our arms,
Fâilâtun, Fâilâtun, Fâilâtun, Fâilât



151.

Verse 1353

⓪ my Beauty, I have fallen in Your love,
I follow Your way.
Your love is a sea, my heart looks like a fish.
If You turn Your face from me,
If I don't see You,
My soul that resembles a fish will die.

Fish cannot survive without water.
It's the same for lovers, they cannot endure
The separation from the Beloved
Who took their hearts.

The soul of fish is water.
How could a fish be patient for water?
If he can't stand without soul,
What could he do for the Soul of soul?

Both worlds are a dungeon to me without You.
Even if I drink the water of life,
It will trouble me because of Your separation.

This idol house of earth is full
Of Your shapes and forms,
But they don't take your place.
Where is shape and form?
Where is the One who has no shape and form
And his trace doesn't appear?

You made a universe from a drop of my blood.
I became so confused that I cannot
Separate the world from the drop.

You offer this glass to me with Your hand.
I am so drunk now that I can't differentiate
The glass from my mouth.

I am nobody, there are drunks from earth to sky.
They are so drunk with Your wine
That they cannot differentiate earth from sky.

There are hundreds of shepherds like me
Who lost their sheep to wolves.
Who do I ask, "What did you do with the sheep?"
Where is the shepherd?

If I want to talk about You,
I cannot find the words.
If I want to hide You, that's even worse.
You cannot fit in either the universe
Or the secret world.

If I know the secret of this world,
It's because of my love.
Don't call me the believer of love,
Call me infidel, O such and such.



152.

Verse 1364

Every moment a voice comes from the sky
Reading the verse of, "And the heaven
We raised on high with power,
And most surely we are
The makers of things ample."³⁴

The ones who hear these with the ear of Soul,
"They turn to God, serve Him praise Him, fast,
Bow down, prostrate and be grateful."³⁵

Try to obtain a ladder from the Almighty,
"The Soul and angels ascend to His temple."³⁶

The carpenter of imagination
Can't make such a ladder.
The only One who can make this
Is the One who says,
"To us shall all things return."³⁷

If you haven't built this ladder
With the adze of patience and gratitude,
Don't read the verse of, "None is made
To receive this, except the patient."³⁸

See who has that adze
And surrender to Him nicely.
Don't say, "We shall most surely be victorious"³⁹
And become obstinate with the adze.

If you climb a couple of stairs on the ladder,
You will belong to the people of the right side,
But if you reach the roof, you will become,
"The foremost of the foremost."⁴⁰

O Sufi, if you are the Sufi of earth's convent,
Ascend, enter the circle of,
"Most surely we are they
Who draw themselves out in ranks."⁴¹

Give your ear to the words of, "When want
And poverty reach to the extreme,
Nothing will be left but God."
If you are a learned man, purify yourself
From the verse of, "They won't understand."⁴²

If you bow down like "Nun",⁴³
Prostrate like a pen,
Join the writing of the verse of,
"Nun, I swear by the pen
And what the angels write."⁴⁴

Be lively, the eye of the verse of, "Do you then
Hold his announcement in contempt?"⁴⁵
What is this tolerance of the one
Who becomes toady in front of flatters?

Page 209 of original Divan

Root like a Lotus tree that plunges into
The world of, "no doubt about Him,"
So your leaves won't be shaken
By the, "breath of death."⁴⁶

Look carefully at that garden which,
“Became as black barren land.”⁴⁷
Because of disasters, the same
Has happened to their thoughts,
Like their garden,
“While they were sleeping.”⁴⁸



153.

Verse 1377

O brother, look at yourself,
Find out what kind of bird you are.
If you have been raised in the hand of the sultan,
Accept yourself as a falcon.

Whoever finds a peer for himself,
Don't treat that man as a falcon.
There is no peer or partner
To him in this world like God.
Know this very well.

Look at the drops and particles,
They open their arms, dancing and drunk.
That dance is from such a Sun, that the sun
In the sky is His glass.

If you find the Kible⁴⁹ of the Sultan,
Become the Kible of glory and prosperity.
If you drink two drops from His glass,
Know that fortune and glory
Become family and friend to you.

I said, "O elixir, how do you
Change copper to gold? Show me.
He turned His face to heart's goldsmith
And said, "Look at His golden scissors."

I asked Him, "How did You
Bring Abraham's bird back to life?"
"You break your arm and wing
And see how you will be able to fly," he said.

I said to Him, " The bird of the heart
Had wings way at the beginning."
"Come to your senses", He said, "Break the cage,
Look at the beginning which has no beginning."

Your breath doesn't come easy
Because You have no breathing
No friend, no confidant.
That's why you have been squeezed.
Open your eyes, see a companion every moment.

Since your Soul has sighed a few times
With burning and begging,
See those like the breath of Jesus alive
And come to understand God.

Be humble, modest like the earth which lays
Down under the feet of everyone.
After that, you will reach the green.



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Verse 1387

That beauty who has a jasmine body
 And a face as beautiful as the moon
 Bent down from the sky,
 Shook his arms and sent me a signal.

My eyes have been fixed on him
 Like martyr's eyes.
 My soul has gone beyond itself
 With the wine of His love.

There is a hundred tumults
 Inside of your musk-smelling hair.
 Bewitching beauties appear
 To every man and woman from his clean face.

The Bird of Soul has been caught
 In the curls of his hair,
 Has attempted to reach them.
 That's why he is trying to break his cage.

The bird of fortune came,
 Cast a shadow on my head.
 I started yelling,
 "Don't get close to that Beauty of Hutten."

"What an unfortunate person you are,"
 Said the bird of fortune.
 "You are running away from happiness,
 O bad one who has been subjected to trials."

I told him that, "You are a curtain
Between the Beloved and us.
I want to see the face of the Beloved,
Because that's the only time
The soul will be happy,
Be calmed down."

The Bird of Fortune became very surprised,
Kept watching that moon admiringly
And became more crazy, insane for its beauty.

Because of the greatest of the great, Shemseddin,
That sultan of Tebriz, the master is drunk,
Teacher is drunk, soul is drunk, body is drunk.



155.

Verse 1396

There is a morsel in our mouth every moment
From that really true beauty.
The next is hidden in our sleeve.

It is impossible to have a beauty like that.
What is this, O my God?
This stature cannot be found in any cypress.
What is this?

The reason this bright,
Clear sun is hidden from earth
Is only for us, it is hidden only for us.

That Beauty wants a crowd,
Lonely ones are different.
Wherever there is a beauty, there is also a fight,
Noises exist there.

O Shems of Tebriz, you resemble the Soul.
You hide like a soul, yet there is a doubt
About your whereabouts in my heart.



156.

Verse 1401

I grabbed an open box from Soul,
An open box.
If anyone who wants to hinder me knows about this,
Tell him the truth, the truth.

I wrote His secret, I did, I did.
Whoever wants to read it, tell him, “read, read.”

Who says I go to the side
Of the One who denies?
I don’t, I don’t.
I am right in the middle, the middle.

If you ask, “Where is the truth, where is the truth,
Where is the evidence?,”
There are hundreds of explanations in my defeats,
Hundreds, hundreds of explanations.

My tears are enough witness, witness.
The color of my face is enough evidence, evidence.

Here is the trace of a tulip face
On my saffron color, saffron.
Saffron color, pale face,
Trace of tulip face, tulip face, tulip.

There is nobody who will understand these words,
Other than Selahaddin, nobody understands.
I am the slave of the one
Who understands, understands.



157.

Verse 1408

O brother, I saw my Beloved
In a dream last night.
I was sleeping next to a fountain,
Between August's roses.

Houris were circled around him,
They all tied their hands.
At one side there was a garden of tulips;
The other side was a garden of jasmine.

The wind was blowing lightly,
Smoothly caressing the tips of his hair.
The smell of amber and musk
Were radiating from every curl.

The wind became drunk,
Then scattered his hair around his face.
A divine light filled everything,
Like when a cover is lifted
Over a bright candle in the dark.

At the beginning of this dream, I said, "Stop,
Slow down, be patient.
Let me come back to my senses, be silent, don't talk."



158.

Verse 1413

Cupbearer, since you've become drunk,
Embrace me.
Worrying about tomorrow is like a promissory note.
Break the neck of installment buying.

This year is our year,
Our fortune is the fortune of the Moon and Venus.
O Heart, there is no end of joy and drink,
Be silent, be happy.

The spark of joy and pleasure
Have reached the hearts of stone and iron.
If you don't believe it,
Strike them against each other.

Look at the host, see the pleasure on his face.
Sit at the head of the table,
Dip your bowl inside the oil.

Pull the mind,
Which understands everything, next to joy,
Have him sit there.
Throw the awakened soul quickly into clear wine.

Branches are drunk,
Keep dancing with the breeze of spring.
O jasmine, you also became drunk,
O cypress, embrace jasmine.

Green dresses have been cut out
At the store of Absence.
Get up, O tailor, settle in your store,
Start sewing the garment.



159.

Verse 1420

When you see the sun,
Remember the Beloved's face.
When you see a cloud,
Remember our tears.

When you see a new moon that has been burned
And melted like me, for your soul's sake,
Remember my clean soul.

Look at the sky, watch this whirling sky
That remembers the condition
Of this headless, footless lover,
Who has been so dizzy.

If you see the world is dark
With the armies of Negroes,
Remember the captives of the separation night.

If you see burning Nesr-i Tair⁵⁰ in the sky,
Remember the bird of heart
That had its arms and wings burned.

If you see blood-thirsty Mars in the sky,
Remember the beloved's evil eyes
Who drink blood.

Close your lips, be silent.
Pay attention to whatever you see, dry or wet.
Remember my lips when you see dry,
My eyes when you see wet.



160.

Verse 1427

This is the smell of that garden,
The smell of that rose sapling.
This is the smell of the Beloved,
Who adorned the earth, adds Soul to soul.

This smell made the whole earth drunk
Even the smallest particles.
A smell like that cannot come from earth,
This smell comes from heaven.

The stars are asking the sky, "What is the Sun?"
Fish are asking the sea, "What is this struggle?"

His sun turns faces to the Sun,
Changes them into Sun,
His face is such a moon that it scatters silver,
Makes even the soul jealous.

The beauty of Joseph came after so many years.
What charm and grace is this?
Even Houris are confused.

He is such a marvelous Hizer,⁵¹
That offers the water of life.
He is such an unseen Kafdagi, unheard of Phoenix.

"Surely, we have given to you a clear victory."⁵²
The brilliance of this verse covers the east and west.
This is the light of eyes, Soul of our Master's Soul.

Why are you hiding, talking secretly?
Say openly, "This is the flag
Of God's helper, army of our Sultan."

O One who is the mercy and content of both worlds,
This is the one who holds your hands in difficulty
And sees tomorrow.

He thought a new turn to the sky,
With new exuberances and confusions.
What kind of love is this, my God?

O one who speaks with beautiful sounds,
Your voice has reached every heart. Explain this:
They are the pearls of that sea.



161.

Verse 1438

I have stolen an earring secretly from His ear,
The eyes of the enemy shouldn't see.
Let's assume He has seen.
What would happen?

He had written on my forehead, I was hiding.
From now on I won't hide.
Let anybody read that, I don't care.

The golden necklace of His love deserves this neck.
His necklace breaks the neck
Of the ones who pull their neck.

P. 210 of original Divan

The drum of Mahmud,⁵³
Should stay at Mahmud's camel.
Heart is the only one
Who tolerates the trouble of heart.
Tongue wouldn't even know it.

One has to have an iron heart that can endure
The wound the mirror opens on him.
The mirror doesn't wound everyone
Who looks at the mirror.

But if you were see the face of the Beloved,
You wouldn't know the wounds,
Just like the women of Egypt
Who were lost in the beauty of Joseph.

Who is that Beauty
That hundreds of Joseph's beauties
Admire the beauty of his face?
Our Shems of Tebriz, that friend of ours
Whose trace is so beautiful.



162.

Verse 1445⁵⁴

The best life of this world is spent in the way
Lovers spend their lives.
The best moment is the moment
When that charming
Beauty gives the sign of union with his eyes.

To see the Beloved among black-eyed servants
Who are as beautiful as houris,
Even in a scary place, would add Souls to Soul.

My face, full of tears, wants the dirt at his door.
Scatter this earth on my face.
I have clear, pure water
That makes earth become even better.

I was overwhelmed by the time he reprimanded
Or apologized to me,
Because he shows Shemseddin's attributes
In all his manners.

What lucky drunkenness that is.
It takes all the shame away.
Drink, my friend, drink that.
You will grab the real truth.

That drunkenness purifies
And brightens dark minds.
Be amazed with the wine
That increases right decision and sound thoughts.

How nice is the shadow of this tall cypress.
It is a safe place from all fears and troubles,
Even the one who took refuge in this shadow.

It cleans the dark, turbid mines by its fruit.
Be amazed with the wine that shows;
Be amazed with the wine that increases
Right decisions and sound thought.



163.

Verse 1453

My hair has grayed, my face is wrinkled
By the separation of a beauty
Who makes all Chinese beauties jealous.

Soul says to the ear, with jealousy,
“Don’t listen to his words.”
Heart also says to the eyes, with jealousy,
“Don’t look at him.”

I reached the feet of sorrow to tie them
With the hand of joy. O Muslims,
My joy is also stained with sorrow that way.

I try to reach a stone and hold on to save myself,
But that one also has fallen into the water,
Trying to grab someone, something.

I was passing by the door of heart.
I saw his situation: His face was pale,
His dress was torn,
He had lost the sense of left and right.

I ask, “How do you do?”
He started to cry and yell because of the separation
From the Beloved who was with him.



164.

Verse 1459

My beautiful moon is dancing,
Venus is playing the tambourine.
O the praise of the brave, they are announcing
Our love to the universe with dance and music.

That love of mine and your beauty have been
The subject for every gathering.
“It had been like that before,
Now it became like this.”
This has been going around the town.

The trap of your love
Plays a new game in every gathering,
Scattering our blood, drop by drop,
To have a trace for the aspirant.

There are hundreds of wounds,
Hundreds of wounded prey
From the arrows of love in the heart,
But neither the arrow nor the bow are seen.

Men and women turned their faces
To the wall with your grief.
Because of love's water and bread,
They quit eating bread and drinking water.
They have no appetite for eating and drinking.

Lover's blood turned into tears
And grew green in the garden.
Your rose-face reflects the rose gardens
That came out from everywhere.

People start eating fire
Because of the intense pleasure of your love,
Just like camels eat hot grasses
For the love of their souls.

Separation as cold as winter has blocked the roads.
The flowers of gardens and meadows were
Prisoners under the earth.

When roads are secured by the justice of spring,
Green comes out front with a drawn sword.
The bud appears with a spear in his hand.

Get out, go outside,
Come to the garden and orchard.
They came from a long way, be hospitable,
Meet them.

They filled their bags, they tied their bales
And came from the land of Absence to the sea.
The ones who came from the sea ascend the sky.

They passed through skies
And all signs of the Zodiac.
They learned a new thing, new talent
From each star, up to the planet earth.

Fire and water help them
From the sky every moment.
That will be the way, as long as they
Are the guest for a short time on the earth.

There are tables at the head of the wind.
The morning breeze carries bowls in its hand.
The top of these dishes are covered,
Secret to everyone except the ones who sit at table.

Dishes are coming,
Everyone is asking what is inside the plate.
The answers are coming
Through the language of attribute.

The one who knows that
Surely knows the answer.
Food for the Soul is secret like the Soul.
Food for the body is open like us.

The hungry know the pleasure of bread.
The bakery shop doesn't know the taste of bread.

If the baker were hungry, he wouldn't sell the bread.
If the morning breeze knew the value of the roses,
It wouldn't scatter them.

The one who loses the Beloved
Who is not in love is a charlatan.

If a lover gives excuses to the Beloved,
They were because of his affection.
He wants that heart-catching charmer
To close the door intentionally
To the face of the lover.

He knows that the Beloved wants to manifest
Become known and understood.
He becomes jealous and sheds tears because of that.

The tears he sheds are opposite of his jealousy.
His tears keep running, telling the stories
Of his love which he has been hiding.
But his jealousy is secret.

You compare yourself to a seed
Which has been sown in the ground,
But look at the garden,
How the hidden ones manifest.
Know your secret lust is like a walking man.

Hiding is the cause of manifestation.
To be silent, to be mute becomes plain explanation.

You will see, after your death, every thought
Which was in your life will be turning around
In your grave like children, saying, "father, father."

Houris were born from your beautiful thoughts.
A big devil is from the bad ones.

See the secret thoughts of architects.
Some of them are mentioned at other palaces.
See the secret of eternal fate,
Watch how many universes were created.

You know your secret, but you don't
Know the secret of secrets.
The thing concealed in the secret
Resembles the heart.
The secret is like the tongue.

Don't be sure that what you hid
Was even beautiful.
Don't be sure,
Because the one who is not sure
Finds help, mercy.

Rising cypress, smiling rose, songs of nightingale,
Ripe delicious fruits.
Are all the secret of the cold autumn wind.

When we are grown, have bloomed.
So many times,
The color of our face withers, becomes pale.
There are so many arrows
Thrown from the ambush of Absence.

The face of the tulip is burning with flames.
Its heart is hurt by the anger of the Sultan.
The ear of corn is heavy with goods,
But he bends his neck in deep thought.

The pink rose opened a store against the others,
Decorated with colors, but it has no fragrance.

The feet of a hanging bunch
Of grapes tripped over,
They put their face to the ground.
But with the command,
“They prostrate in front of Him,”⁵⁵
Their grapes were ripened.

O confused narcissus, why do you look
At the garden like this?
He answered, “I will be an informer,
I cannot fit in this earth.”

“O iris, it is embarrassing. Why did
You show your tongue?” I asked.
“Either you pull your tongue into your mouth,
Or tell me about your situation.”

He answered, “Our tongues don’t talk about,
But explain our situation.
Would nature become green
If the end wasn’t good?”

I said, “O willow, how come you became
Stationery and grew on foot?”
“I learned to be humble from running water,
That’s why,” he answered.

The sour flavor of the red apple
Somewhat reminds the beloved,
When the Beautiful frowned
They became more beautiful,
They became more adorned.

Why are the peach tree branches so low, so short?
“So the one who picks peaches
Can do so easily,” I said.

“Yes” he said, “the answer to your question is true.”
But the peach tree gives one peach.
When the lover’s soul gets so hungry,
It comes from his toes to his mouth.

“O poplar tree,” I said, “It’s a disgrace,
Your height, your growth,
You have no fruit, no flower.”
“Be silent,” he said, “put your mind in your head.”

“If I had fruit and flowers,
I would have selfishness, like you.
Now I gave up Self, now all I do is watch
The ones who see, who found themselves.”

The pomegranate kept asking the quince,
“Why does your face look so pale?”
It answers, “The piece of pearl that you hid inside
Made me like that.”

The pomegranate said,
"How did you know my secret?"
The Quince answered, "You are so overjoyed
That you keep laughing, showing your teeth."

Whether you laugh or not,
The earth is cheerful like the heart
Of the One in heaven;
Because of you they keet smiling.

But a smile, like lightning, comes from
The one who cries like a cloud.
If the cloud didn't cry,
Lightning wouldn't come from it.

Page 211 of original Divan

I have seen earth, black, dark gray,
But its heart was clear, bright.
Pure water came and tried him.

His bright heart received the clean water
And grew innumerable branches
Like the garden of heaven.
Built mansions adorned the ground.

This cucumber, this melon are coming like
Tired pilgrims on foot, dragging their feet.

If you look at the blood-thirsty desert,
Everything is coming into existence from Absence
By running with the order of
"Be,"⁵⁶ so they can reach mercy.

They are coming not only on foot during the day;
They journey in their sleep like Ashabi-Kehf⁸⁷
Who slept at their side but went up to the sky.

Then a pumpkin came to this gathering
And started climbing the rope.
Where did he see that, and where did he learn that?
He learned that from the One
Who gave him this rope which grows endlessly.

These green vegetations, this jasmine,
These fruits are our sustenance.
The grass, thorn,
Sands of the deserts are His sustenance.

That share, that fruit, that sustenance is for others.
He looks after us.
He made us dislike and not be interested in them.

A hundred thousand ants and snakes,
All living things,
Are searching for their sustenance in this world
By yelling and screaming.

Every medicine is the cure of a different ailment,
There is a buyer for every good.
There are so many herbs
Which may be the remedy for some disease,
But besides the doctors, nobody knows about them.

There is a plant, a poison to us.
It may be the antidote for others.
Thorns are like a date for a camel,
But is the thorn for us?

Inside of the almond and walnut
There is marrow which is nice.
Outside is a shell and skin.
But the pith grows, matures inside of the shell,
Like a chicken egg.

Yet the date is nice outside, there is a pit inside.
Be the opposite of this.
Your inside and outside would be nice like a fig.

The branch pulls the water
From the roots to the height
In the same way God pulls the Soul
To Heaven without a ladder.

This wind carries the pollen
And seeds to the ground.
Earth becomes pregnant from that branch.
It seems that wings are like Arabian horses,
Branches are the females.

All kinds of birds migrate
To warm places in spring.
They sit on their nests
Like drop-in guests and enjoy it.

Birds tell a thousand secrets
While they are singing.
They say so and so will go,
Such and such will take his place.

These Hoopoe birds brought a letter from Solomon.
But, where is the one who knows
The language of the bird that can translate?

The stork is the wisest among the birds.
He keeps saying "lek-lek."
Do you know what he means?
"O One whose help is wanted,
You are the One who commands,
You are the One who owns the place,
Praise is only for You."

O Soul, it is time to go to the high plains,
Leave the winter house of body.
Learn the rule of Turcoman⁵⁸ from the birds.

Be a watchman, a guard to yourself like birds.
Tell the name of God on the rosary.
Your rosary becomes an encampment for you.

I promised myself to quit measuring the wind,
Cutting out water, but it is impossible.
A warship doesn't go without a sail.

When spring measures wind, life comes to earth.
It's the opposite when autumn measures wind:
Suffering comes to men and djinn.⁵⁹

These gardens and meadows
Are spring on the surface,
The reflections of the things inside.
All these words are like gold chips;
Inside the universe is a gold mine.

In short, whatever we have said in verses
Is cash money for lovers.
It is the expression of the moment.
Yet, for the wise man they are stories, fables.

Mind is such a scholar that his meals,
Appetizers are reasoning, facts.
Love is born from the sun of the One who created
The universe in one order, mine of visibility.

Love is such a sun that it doesn't
Enter the Sign of the Ram.
His conjunction is the beautiful,
Peerless, matchless sun.

Because "He is neither at the East nor the West,"⁶⁰
Because East is on the earth,
It depends on time, so does the West.

Love is such a sun that it burns the heart of lovers.
Only Soul's love can find the way to him,
Not the spring nor autumn.

Since love pulls us out from earth
As well as from time,
We won't perish, we become immortal.

This world, this time are both like an egg.
The bird inside of the egg
Is a prisoner in the darkness.
His wings are broken, he is humiliated.

Make sure that faith and heresy
Are like the yolk of this egg.
“Between them is a barrier
Which they cannot pass.”⁶¹

He put the egg under His wing
With His favor and kindness.
That way, faith and heresy have disappeared.
The bird of union came out of the egg.



165.

Verse 1539

O my Beautiful, your love is what
Incites the worlds against each other.
The taste of my life comes from Your taste.

The sky is full of pearls, beads and tulips.
He gathered all these to scatter to your feet,
To scatter to your feet.

The Souls of Lovers are kept flowing like torrents,
With cascades, to your sea.

O my Beauty, the drunkenness of lovers
Is from the wine you offered last night.
Yet, I am worrying about your tomorrow,
I am in bad shape today, bad shape.

I looked at you, you stood there,
Your color was pale.
The color of my face also became pale,
From yours, from yours.

I watched the clearness of your essence.
The moon appeared to me, the moon appeared.

I called you moon, I made a big mistake.
Who is the moon that becomes your peer,
Resembles you?

**Your struggles and uproar
Have filled the town of my heart.
That's what our Master,
The one who is called Shems of Tebriz,
The greatest of the great, is saying.**



166.

Verse 1547

❧ Sanai, a lover needs suffering,
Where is suffering?
In order to suffer the grief of beauties,
One has to be brave, where are the brave?

Oppression and cruelty of the beauties
Are much better then yesterdays and tomorrows.
Where is the unique person who doesn't
Have the worries of yesterday or tomorrow?

If you think you have freed yourself
From the worries of yesterday and tomorrow,
This will be the crown and throne
Of your superiority and indifference.
But when the Sultan walks, there are sergeants
Who walk ahead and open the road for him.
Where are they?

Where is your shirt that has
Stayed dry in the seven seas?
Where is your disposition that has
Stayed cool in seven hells?

If you don't have that skirt,
That disposition, but you want to have them,
Where are your cool sighs?
Where are your hot tears?
Where is your pale face?

In order for you not to ask for a gift
Of love on the way,
The smells of heart are coming in every breath
From the straight, main road.

In order for you not to ask the people of Moses,
“How come there is dust in that sea?,”
Dust is rising up from the sea.
This dust is rising from the bodies of saints.



167.

Verse 1554

There is such a taste, a pleasure
From his anger, his swearing,
That I have been fighting every night
For his blood-thirsty eyes.

Even if the traps of his love
Tire my arms and wings,
Still soul's parrot cannot have enough
Of his sugar, his almonds.

How long will you be asking me about
The terror and loneliness
Off his night of separation?
Is there a night left of his days of kingdom?

The nature and color of our blood
Turned into wine,
Because when blood is poured in his glass,
It becomes wine.

His early promises have been fermenting
Inside of the soul, like wine.
Look at the situation where mature lovers
Have fallen with these kinds of promises.

Even the sultans who sit at the top of state
Desire to reach their ill-reputed lovers
Who have been slain and have disappeared.

Such a gazelle of sedition appeared at his roof
That all the dogs in his neighborhood
Changed to lions and became sultan of the lions.

For God's sake, don't ask for the taste
Of this wine from the sober ones.
Watch the favors of this wine in the eyes of drunks.

Put your hand on the pulse of drunks
And smell his selfish wine
From the one whose mouth touched the wine.

Don't step on the trace of Shems of Tebriz,
Who walks on the heads of soul.
Put your head down, prostrate in front of him.



168.

Verse 1564

🌀cream like a lover.
Tell the sorrow of disappointments.
Tell it one moment in Farsi,
One moment in Greek.

Whether you belong to the land of Rum or Arabia,
I don't want anybody but you.
Tell me about the beauty
Of the One who has kindness,
The One who is worshipped by everyone.

You hurt and burn,
At the same time calm and cure.
You shine bright on this world,
Tell me, are you the sun, the moon,
A fire or a candle?

If someone says the fire is about
To be extinguished, don't believe it.
You are neither smoke nor fire.
You have the plan provided every moment.
You are the immortally alive.
Tell these words.

O my fluttering heart,
How long will you stay in this ruined body?
If you are a falcon, fly to that side;
If you are an owl, tell it like it is.



169.

Verse 1569

Where are the lovers, where is sleep?
Even that last night in my dream,
I was looking for Mihrab⁶² inside of Kaaba.

But it was not the Kaaba we know;
It was the Kaaba of Souls.
Where is the candle
That arrived one dark evening?

Is it worth talking about moonlight?
This Kaaba was built by such a light,
Its rays enlighten your soul and the universe.
But how could your soul stand that light?

Page 212 of original Divan

His convent is made of divine light.
His floor is reason and knowledge,
His Sufis headless and footless.
Where are the noises of footsteps,
The clinking sound of clogs?

O the one whose luck and fortune are so good,
You have a secret throne, crown inside of you.
And it is such a throne, such a crown that
Where Keykubad⁶³ and Sencer⁶⁴ remember,
Suhra⁶⁵ would just dream of it.

O Bird of Heart, keep flying
In the garden of His beauty.
It is safe there, there's no trap or slingshot there.

There is a treasure inside
Of your temporary body,
As a gift given to you
By the eternally generous One.
Look for His gift inside of you.

If you have freed yourself from mud,
You will enter the garden of heart.
There won't be anything but music,
Dance and pure clear wine there.

There are thousands of beauties you have seen,
That are not from bodies.
If that is so, why are you asking,
"Where is the beauty
Of the One who opens the door?"

O fakih,⁶⁶ for God's sake,
Learn the knowledge of love,
Because after death,
Where is the topic of helal⁶⁷ -haram?⁶⁸
Who cares if "This should be like that,
That should be like this,
What is permitted, what is not?"

When you are in trouble or difficulty,
You run to His door and then later
You ask, "Where is He?
Where is the door of His convent?"

Rise, so that wave of union catches you.
If you miss this wave, then you'll keep saying,
"Where is the world of reasons?"

You are interested in
The writing of Ibn i Bevvab.⁶⁹
Also, you read love's writing, then learn
Who opens your door
And where the doorkeeper is.

Don't ever call anybody a regent of God.
Come to the place where Kadi⁷⁰ is.
He would show you where regents are.

When you are encouraged by wine,
When you are not afraid,
You will swallow the wave, keep swimming,
And sing the song of
"Where is the end of this sea?"



170.

Verse 1584

O morning breeze, what news
Do you have from the Beloved?
Tell me, even if you don't tell anybody else,
Tell the lovers.

If the others are not your confidants,
Tell it to our ears.
Tell the Beloved's news
To our heart that is full of blood.

I am aware that you know
Where the Jesus of that beauty is.
At least tell it to the one who has
Worn Zunnar by His love.

Yell to the lover who is wasting
Time with the rose, remind him,
Tell him, "Leave this rose garden."

Welcome, O morning breeze,
But when you return to that deceitful one,
Secretly tell of my condition in his ear.

If the iris hasn't explained my condition
To Him with its hundreds of tongues,
You tell my secret with your eyes,
Without lips or tongues.

I said I'd call Shems of Tebriz
With all the might of my soul
In front of the people.
Soul said, "Yes, yes, tell them."



171.

Verse 1591

○ Soul of my soul, how nicely
You are swaying from side to side.
Don't go without me.
O life of lovers,
Don't go to the rose garden without me.

O sky, don't turn without me.
O moon, don't shine without me.
O earth, don't grow plants without me.
O time, don't pass without me.

This and the other world are beautiful with you.
Don't stay in this world without me.
Don't go to the other world without me.

O obvious one, don't know without me.
O tongue, don't read without me.
O eye, don't see without me.
O soul, don't go without me.

Night sees his face, clear in the moonlight.
I am night, you are the moon to me.
Don't walk in the sky without me.

The thorn took shelter at the rose,
To be saved from the fire.
You are also the rose, I am your thorn.
Don't go to the rose garden without me.

When your eyes are on me,
When they are looking at me,
I conform with your club, I keep running.
Look at me like that, see me all the time.
Don't ride your horse without me,
Don't go without me.

O joy, if you go to the assembly of the Sultan,
Don't drink without me.
O Sentry, if you climb to the roof of the Sultan,
Don't climb without me.

Pity the one who walks on this road
Without a trace.
You are the One I follow.
O One, whose trace never appears,
Don't go without me.

Pity the one who follows this road
Without knowledge.
You are my knowledge,
O One who knows the way.
Don't go without me.

Others are calling you "Love,"
Yet I say, you are the Sultan of Love.
O One who cannot be comprehended
By this one and that,
O great charmer, don't go without me.



172.

Verse 1602

⓪ the One whose light shines
With new sparks every moment,
O One whose light creates
New suns every moment,

“Sit wrong, but say right.”⁷¹
If there is a cupbearer like you
And your wine that helps again and again,
No mind, no thought will remain.

Who could help not breaking
The bottle inside of fire?
Who could make old wine from new grape?

Offer a taste of this wine
To the one whose heart is open and bright.
Renew this old world with new exaltation.

You are the love whose job
Is to please, to enlighten.
Your glory will be eternal,
Your every day becomes a new festivity,
Every night will be a new wedding party.



173.

Verse 1607

His image has appeared
At the corner that Soul recognized,
And said, "He is the Sultan of the town,
In the land of Absence."

Hundreds of thousands of fingers turned into eyes,
Then pointed to Him,
Saying, "He is the One. Yes, He is the One."

The light of His rose garden reflected on earth,
Everything became green.
Words came from the sky, "Yes, that is Him."

Be quick, catch His horse's rein
Before he runs away, because "This is Him."

This Soul became a holy light
Because of Him, like Mount Sinai.
He has shown from inside
Of the mind like a pearl,
Like jewels, "That is Him. That is Him."

Mars turned to the moon and said,
"Put your mind in your head,
Don't talk about his beauty. This is Him."

You have heard of Shems of Tebriz,
Look and see that glory.
All the beauties became dull because of him,
Here. He is here.



174.

Verse 1614

All anger comes from pride.
If you don't fall into contempt,
Go, purify in humility.
Give up "the self," be dust.

Anger is born from contempt and Self.
Use them both as a ladder,
Step on them and climb to the sky.

Wherever you see anger,
Look for self and contempt.
If you like these two snakes,
Go and become Dahhak.⁷²

If you are free from anger and contempt,
Go and sleep comfortably in one corner.
But, if you are happy with your anger, your pride,
Plunge into grief and keep suffering.

Give up the anger of dogs,
Watch the wrath of lions.
When you see the wrath of the lion,
Become a one-year-old child,
Then walk slowly like a lamb.

Don't eat the sweet morsel
Which will make you angry.
Instead, eat from the one who says,
"If it were not for you, I wouldn't
Have created the universe."
Be His slave and servant.

Go, become the butcher of love,
Shed the blood of contempt and hate.
How long will you be sleeping
Under two dogs? Be agile now.



175.

Verse 1621

⓪ Brother, you must suffer
In order to be a lover.
Where is suffering?
In order to stay on line, to become truth,
One must be brave.
Where is brave?

Why all these cold thoughts
Frozen into time and space?
Where are all those hot, fiery yells
And screams, those pale faces?

I am not looking for gold, alchemy.
Where is the copper
Which has the talent to become gold?
Who has found the one who is hot and goes fast?
Where is the half-hot, half-fast on the journey?



176.

Verse 1624

If you are in love with me,
I will make you utterly confused, hear that well.
Don't do too much, because at the end,
I'll destroy you, hear this well.

If you work like an ant or bee
To build a hundred houses,
I'll still leave you alone without a house.
Hear this very well.

If you want all these people, men and women
To become drunk for you, that's your idea.
Instead I want to make you drunk,
Make you confused. Hear this well.

Since you are Abraham, don't be afraid of fire.
Walk nice and easy.
I will make the fire hundreds of rose gardens
For you. Listen carefully.

Even if you became Kafdagi,
I would turn you into a millstone.
Keep turning you. Know this well.

Even if you became Plato
Or Lokman⁷³ in knowledge,
I would turn you completely ignorant
With one look.
Know this very well.

You are like a dead bird in my hand.
I am the hunter, I used you
As bait for the birds, listen to that.

O doorkeeper, you look like a sleeping snake
At the door of the treasure.
I will make you wriggle like a wounded snake.
Hear that.

O shell, since you have come to our sea,
Don't worry, I will make you mother-of-pearl.
Hear that well.

Even if I sacrifice you like Ishmael,
Cut your neck,
Neither hand nor wound will appear.
Listen well.

If your skirt is dirty, hold onto ours.
Then I will give you a skirt made by moonlight.

I am good luck for you.
I cast a shadow on your head with my favor.
I will make you Feridun,⁷⁴
I will turn you into a sultan, know that.

Come to your senses, read less,
Be silent and endure.
Endure so that I will change
You to the Koran itself.
Hear this word well.



177.

Verse 1637

O my Beauty, my secrets have been
Revealed because of Your secrets.
I have seen forms and figures in Your rose garden,
I have seen in Your rose garden.

Page. 213 of original Divan.

I am your Love's martyr.
Even if you deny it.
I have written a paper,
Evidence of your confession.

You have been melting
Like sugar every moment,
O the one that honey and sugar
Flows from his mouth.

At night, all the people fall asleep, except me.
I am awake, my eyes are open,
Just like your fortune, your luck is full awake.
I resemble your fortune.

How long will you keep asking me
Why I don't have a job, an occupation?
I will tell you the truth,
Your job and occupation kept me idle like that,
O my Beautiful one.

O doctor of Love, all my diseases
Come from your two sickly narcissus eyes.
From those sickly narcissus eyes.

My soberness fell into ecstasy
When it saw your consciousness.
All my ecstasy, my mindlessness
Knows only you, only you.

Every moment,
A new fountain springs from the heart,
Rivers flow from your sea.
Heart is blinking its eyes to your glory
To your glory.

Shems of Tebriz,
You are such a man that against
Your many, many favors,
The world would become so small, so worthless.



178.

Verse 1646

Look here, great ones, the ones at the top
Are all dancing with Your love.
They threw Soul's pearl into the sea, like Moses.

Crush our being under those seven mills.
Salve which has not been crushed
And properly prepared,
Doesn't give help to the eyes.

Lovers and the prudent never understand
Each other in this world.
They don't get along.
The one who has been crushed and broken
Cannot meet and join the one who
Has not been broken and oppressed.

Wise, conservative men are even
Afraid of a dead ant.
Lovers give up everything, attack the dragon
Without blinking their eyes, they tear and crush it.

When my pupils are deprived of your image,
When your image doesn't step on my eyes
With love's feet,
My pupils will become broken and crushed.
Then you will see the difference of both crushes.

The heart of the lion in the forest
Bleeds from your hunting.
The Phoenix has lost his wings
Flying in the air of your closeness.

When love spreads its skirt on earth, like the sun,
Lovers found their way to heaven
Like the stars around the sun.

When the word "la"⁷⁵ reaches its lover
Like "Lala"⁷⁶ and tries to stop them,
The word "Illa"⁷⁷ crushes the brain of Lala.

The pilgrims of soul will never
Get tired and become somber.
Even if their camels' bodies were melted,
They would keep going on their journey.

O Caravan Master, when you read this gazel,
You will see how these tired camels became drunk
And ran through the road toward Medina.



179.

Verse 1656

When brigands appeared
From the India of your hair,
Men and women all started to yell and scream.

When the forest of Soul caught fire
From the flame of our face,
Smoke from the Soul covered the skies.

Soul's cupbearers came from the land of meaning.
They made invisible milk and wine rivers
Flow in the hearts.

He put salve on the eyes of blasphemy
And opened its eyes.
Then blasphemy saw the beauties
Of religion and joined them.

The body resembles a wall.
The heart has been lying behind the wall.
The tongue started talking to tell
Of the condition of the heart.

Go and see the ruins.
The roof has collapsed at the house of existence
Because of love.
There is no trace left on the threshold.

He says, "I don't care for lovers."
But still, He sent hundreds of merciful
People to the side of lovers.

When Shems of Tebriz showed
Immortal Love's mine,
Its spark caught the ruby-like heart
And attracted it to himself.



180.

Verse 1664

⓪ Beloved, whose departure
Made the earth and sky cry,
Blood has been set in the heart,
Mind and the soul kept crying.

There is no one who will take
Your place in this world.
The land of existence and Absence
Are both crying and mourning for you.

The wings of the Archangel Gabriel
And all the angels have been badly bruised.
The eyes of prophets and saints
Are all shedding tears.

It is sad that I lost the flavor
Of words with this mourning.
So how can I describe the way they cried?

Since you have left this house,
The roof of the Kingdom has collapsed.
To sum up, even the Kingdom cried
For the ones who are in this trying time.

Really, you were not one person.
You were a hundred worlds.
I saw yesterday
That that world was crying like this one.

The eye has also gone after you
Since you have been away from the eye.
The soul remained without eyes and cried,
Scattering blood.

If it weren't for your perseverance,
I would make rain out of tears, like clouds.
I would cry like rain.
But it is better to cry secretly in the heart.

What's the use crying drop-by-drop tears?
It is a must to cry
Like pouring water out of waterbags,
To shed bloody tears every moment.

Alas, alas, that only eyes of the head
Keep crying for such eyes of the Soul.

O Sultan Selahaddin,
O stately bird who flies so fast, so fiery,
You have gone like an arrow thrown from the bow.
Now the bow is also crying.

Not everyone knows how to cry for Selahaddin.
Only the ones who know
How to cry for humanity know that.



181.

Verse 1676

One who plays with the Sultan's sphere
At the square of Union,
The One who sees everybody, openly, clearly,
But is recognized by none,

Because of the greatness of Your jealousy,
Even the eyes of akl-i kul⁷⁸ were blurred
When it thought You left it.

O light and eyes of the Universe,
You came to this earth alone, but You created
Hundreds of worlds from Your secrets in the world.

Spring resembles a peacock
Manifesting itself coquetishly
With the love of Your face.
Soul is cooing like a dove on the tree of Your body.

You are making the fire like a rose garden for us
And the sea like a boat.

O Shems of Tebriz, you filled the earth with Beauty.
I throw everything but your love
From the world of Soul.



182.

Verse 1682

⓪ One whose eyes teach tricks to magicians,
Adds souls to Soul,
Teaches them charm and coqueties,

Wherever there is a locked door in this world,
You are the key.
Love is your student;
You taught him how to open the door.

You set up an assembly like pure-hearted Sufis.
Then You taught the Sufi how to call to prayer,
Invite the people.

You chose that dear Sufi among the Sufis,
Then taught him how to become
The absolute Beloved in Your privacy.

Then, You tried others
And threw them to separation.
You gave the most suffering
To the most secret lover.

Half the lovers beg and implore;
The others become reluctant,
Don't know how to implore.
Those wishes are granted,
The others are taught praying by love.

They keep praying,
Wish for the acceptance of their prayers.
For the others, He teaches a hundred
Different ways of cheating,
A hundred ways of malice.

For the ones who are full of cruelties,
Their heart carries so much blasphemy that
He grabs their ears to teach them devotion.

They have hidden influences,
Fire in their hearts.
They show iron how to become pure clean mirrors.

They all become the slaves,
Servants to Shems of Tebriz.
They have learned to meet
His light of manifestation.



183.

Verse 1692

What a love that is that the heart is filled
With blood since it saw that Beauty.
He asks him every moment,
“How are you, O Heart, who has fallen
Into this land of Absence?”

He puts His hand to my heart moment by moment.
Because of that, the blood in my heart has boiled,
Became a river.

My name is lover, but he cannot bear on me.
My Beloved's love exceeded my love,
Became bigger than mine.

I turned my face to the sky and saw a moon.
It was such a moon that it instigated trouble
To become a bewitching beauty to the sky.

Particles in the air drop in the sea,
Become opium to the palate of lovers,
Turn into wine.

The preacher of reason came close to me,
But I advised him, “O man who became Plato,
Go away, the temperature in our assembly
Has turned ice cold.”

Go to the temple of Shems of Tebriz
There you will see the ones who
Have been long dead, decayed,
Became lovers, changed to Mecnum.



184.

Verse 1699

O my Beauty, the rose garden of your beauty
Put the jasmine to dancing.
The truth, the meaning
From every one of your words
Moved hundreds of lands of Hutten.

Your Beauty was born without father and mother,
But afterward it put men and women to dance
In the garden of lovers.

The Soul brought a moth for your Sultan's face
So that a hundred thousand candles of heart
Started dancing at the basin.

You have given the wine of Mansur to your lovers,
They are drunk with that wine.
Hundreds of Hallacs are dancing on the gallows.

The soul has been nourished
So much with your pleasure that
It doesn't fit in its skin.
It keeps dancing in this world.

Hoopoes were very happy with Solomon
In their cages,
But they were unable to fly to their countries
To dance there.

The soul of the lover is in the land of Absence.
This body is his shadow.
The sun of Soul is the one dancing;
Body just moves.

The eyes and face of Shems of Tebriz
Lower the value of the rose, the narcissus.
My body is dancing among those and narcissus.



185.

Verse 1707

What kind of storm is it
That descends from the sky and makes
A hundred thousand ships drunk,
Their heads dizzy, keep turning?

This wind is the one which sails or sinks the boat.
He is alive because of that, this will also kill him.⁷⁹

Wind is under God's command, breath is yours.
Breath could swear or praise,
Depending on your desire.

The fan of fate sends different winds,
The morning breeze flourishes on earth,
The wind of plague destroys everything.

O my God, You show the wind, don't hide the fan.
It is a light for the heart of clean ones to see the fan.

The one who sees causes worships appearances.
But the one who sees, who creates the cause
Sees the light of meaning.

The one who is fond of appearance
Gives his life for beads.
The one who cares for the meaning of sea,
Wouldn't care for the pearls.

The imitator is dust for the truthful.
Whatever he says is rumor from them.
The other is silent, he is deep in the truth.

The one who gathers pieces of gold and silver
On the road, always has his head bent down.
The other, has already gone to the mine;
That's where he gathers it.

We take great care of our faith
Like a mother for her baby.
But the one who became faith itself wouldn't worry.

You have ambition
To become the commander of soldiers.
You have been burning with this desire like a fish.
Yet, I see you as a Sultan without an army,
Without people like the sun.

How long will you be saying,
"Smoke is the proof of fire?"
Be silent. I see you as smokeless fire,
Become evident by yourself.

Tell me, how long will Saturn be turning
At the top of your head?
I see you above Saturn, like Jesus.

O one who asks me, "Bring this, bring that,"
Demanding his share,
I see you free from this and that.
Become part of the one who see and watches,
Protects and gives life.

It is enough, O quarrelsome drunk,
One who talks too much.
I see you like a balance scale,
Talking while in silence.



186.

Verse 1722

Open your eyes, see the souls
That have escaped from their bodies.
Soul broke the cage
And heart escaped from the body.

See hundreds of minds, associate with Souls.
Watch thousands of beings escape
From themselves to themselves.

I don't bother, even if a hundred thousand
Souls and hearts run away from me,
Because I know they will all come back
Like a drunk with a smile.

A hundred thousand thirsty ones
Died of thirst.
The nightingale escaped from the garden
To that side.



187.

Verse 1726

Welcome celebi,⁸⁰ come over here.
Who are you looking for on our roof
In the middle of the night?

Sometimes you say, "I am a monk,"
Dressed in black and carrying a scepter.
Sometimes you say, "I am an Arab,"
Dressed in an Arabian dress and carrying a spear.

In order to join them, live with them,
You pull me as far as the distance from Horasan,
Bring me here and throw me
To the arms of Greeks.⁸¹

O Muhammed, the one who resembles
Sungur for beauty and Zeyneb for charm,
Your Sultanate became checkmated to me,
Checkmated to me.⁸²

When you turned into Arab, fâilâtun, fâilât.
"Look at me and see," you say,
"All the world inside my shirt."

You show yourself as "cause"
Beyond causality to philosophers.
No harm comes from this to you.
You are my master, my master.

Either become like this or like that.
You are our Soul, our soul.
Whatever language you choose to address us,
O my Sultan, O my Husrev,
Your lips are like Shirin's lips.⁸³

I come to love you, though I don't deserve you,
But I still burn with your love.
You are either the Glory of God,
Or You are God, or an angel, maybe a prophet.⁸⁴

Or, You are neither this nor that.
You are life in incarnate form.
What is your army, what is your division?

When I taste the grief of heart,
I feel sorry for heart, "O poor heart," I say,
"Why are you burning, why are you on fire?"

Heart answers, "Go away. Where am I?
Where are you?
I am heart, you are only a shell.
Go and do your shell business."

Skin has color, inside has pleasure.
Can skin become friend of inside?
Can they start their journey together?

The day doesn't go on in the same way.
Your night becomes day.
Now there is no night
For the evening that turned into day.

Don't tire me Celebi, come to me inside.
Submit yourself once,
Because your character is very sweet.

I am silent. Teach me your spell without words.
O my Beauty, who shakes east as well as west.

O Shems of Tebriz, rise like the sun from the East.
Rise from that blasphemy and selfishness,
And greatness takes the Zunnar off their waists.



188.

Verse 1742

If every heart had a road
To the Beloved's rose garden,
If he had a place in that garden,
There would be a rose garden
At the top of every thorn of grief.

If the hand of his excessive exuberance,
Jealousy did not reach us,
His flame-colored soul
Would get along with us for sure.

If this fiery lightning wasn't
The doorkeeper for the moon,
This earth would become as confused as the sky.

If feet and wings would be useful
On the road to the Beloved,
Every atom which goes His way
Would become feet and wings.

If the eyes of the non-confidant
Were able to see love,
Everybody would put a pole
In the middle of the sea.
Everybody would put their tents at sea.

If the tears of lovers were not stained with blood,
That crystal would be reflected
In the head of every tear drop.
He would be seen in every tear drop.

Time will pass too quickly
If day and night see the flame of my love.
Yesterday became tomorrow because of me.

Our Beloved wants lovers to become
Humble and humiliated.
If He did not want that,
The place of every lover would be
Above the green roof of His sky.

If Shemseddin's beauty
Did not have a servant
To sweep the floor of his temple,
He definitely would remove
The cover from his face.



189.

Verse 1751

You poured something else in my wine,
Something else, this is not pure wine.
You added something to this wine,
Something, you added.

Once more you burned repentances,
You burned once more.
Once more you provoke instigations,
Once more, instigations.

You saw your love in my head,
You came after you had seen your love.
You embraced me, embraced me.

You gathered your scattered hairs, interlaced them.
You broke the threads of patience.

I will tell you the proof
If you are coming from denial.
I'll tell you the evidence:
You scattered musk to your black hair.
You scattered musk.

O glass, you shine on my face, my cheek,
You make it red like flame.
O sorrow, at the end
You run away from my heart, you run away.



190.

Verse 1757

Cupbearer, you keep pouring wine
Drop by drop in our glass.
If you don't want us to become crazy, insane,
Why do you do that?

O Cupbearer, as you remember,
You were pouring the light
That makes everything move exuberantly
Into the atoms of a sunny day.
Where is that favor?

You put your hand on your lips
Asking for silence.
I am silent, but those drops
You pour for us keep talking.

You shed the blood of Cunejd;
He said, "Oh do more, more."
Can you hurt some more?
Wherever you dropped that blood,
A new Bayazid grew there.

The first drop on the earth brought Adam to life.
When you poured to the sky,
The Archangel Gabriel came into existence.

In the beginning you were pouring to the ones
Who really deserved it.
Later, when pity became drunk,
You randomly poured to everybody.

Bread doesn't deserve You,
But You were giving Your life to bread.
You kept buying water from the water carrier,
Then threw it at him, wasting the water.

You showed fire to Moses.
That was not fire; that was divine light.
You were scattering light
From the source, enlightening.

When is that Friday coming,
The day You bring
The ones You served wine individually
Together,
Next to You?

One stranger and one known person
Used to come together
Every moment to me, every moment.
You took blood from that stranger
And gave it to the known one.

O heart, that beauty who makes you sweat
Like roses in fall,
Dropping their petals each time you meet,
With your bashfulness came suddenly.

O my Beauty, take your heart,
Throw it in the Ab-i Hayat,⁸⁵
That it will move with the waves.
Throw it in the water of life
That you offer to the prophets.

If you haven't sprinkled the magic
Chemistry to your copper-like creatures,
If you haven't done this,
Even the prophets will remain
Like ordinary people.

Don't make this prayer
Like the prayer of those no-good ones.
Just in order not to accept their prayers,
You take the honor and validity from their prayers.

Page 215 of original Divan

Don't accept our work and efforts
In the same way as that of banal ordinary people,
Because You are the one who pays
No attention to their work.



191.

Verse 1772

The ones who have reached attainment
Open their arms at the Absolute land of Absence.
They dance there and pull their hands
And skirts from lie as well as truth.

The absolutely attained ones don't get involved
With the matters of head and Soul.
O Kalender,⁸⁶ which side of the bed
Did you get out of this morning?

One experienced, attained one offered
A totally bodiless Soul to a dervish.
But the dervish said in his ear,
"Take this to the other side."

Even if there is burning with the flame
Of beautiful love on this side,
You haven't become annihilated,
Because you are still in constant struggle.

Even the eyes of eternity admire
This beauty which has no decline,
That never decays or withers.
This Beauty doesn't increase or decrease
With acknowledgment or denials of two worlds.

You are neither on this side nor the other,
But lovers do long for You
And think You are on that side.

O One who talks about "illa,"⁸⁷
Don't be so greedy, open your eyes,
Then we'll see you are also in "la."⁸⁸

"Greetings, O Absence-colored soul
Who is covered beautifully by existence."
You don't care for either existence or Absence.
But you are the one who decorates them.

Nobody could open your eyes but Shemseddin,
Who is the Sultan of Tebriz.
If he wants, he could open your eyes,
But you are not one of them.



192.

Verse 1781

One who keeps blaming us,
Do you consider lovers such men
That you start advising them, casting spells?

You give close examples sometimes,
You make open and clear statements sometimes.
How dare you to sow seeds in our sands?

O sandy place, you don't care for the wheat barn.
Because you sold the wheat for nothing.

O seedling soil, you are the origin of seed,
Because the ear of corn comes from you.

No particle will get along
With anything but its whole.
Even you know this is the case.
Why do you become angry
And start advising and arguing?

Love's fire smiles bitterly on advice.
Could advice fight peace, cool or extinguish fire?

Even when the moonlight covers the earth
You still stay at Tebriz
Under the light of Shemseddin,
Because you are the bird of early dawn.



193.

Verse 1788

What is this? What is this that you
Have raised to the land of immortality?
What is this that you brought your thoughts
To the mind of all the world?

Why did you set the unbeliever's hair
On the face of faith?
Because you intended the lives
Of believer and unbeliever.

Soul keeps shining with the light
Of Your greatness,
Because You have Your pearl,
Your coral in the sea of Soul.

All lions are expecting something
At the square of Your wonders.
They are all trembling on the ground,
You are the one who lifts them up.

You make the Soul poor sometimes,
Put him in prison.
Sometimes You build a big building, make him
The Sultan of Sultans,⁸⁹ turn him into Sencer.

You burned hundreds of thousands of them
In the sea,
Hundreds of thousands are remaining.
You made them live afresh inside of the fires.

You have cast such a spell in the human body
That it contains many of your
Suns, moons, skies and stars.

You are keeping alive, make better and better
Every day, this martyred Soul
Covered with blood and soil inside the body
Which resembles a coffin, every day.

O Sun, you are filling the thankful mouth
Of every atom with sugars in your temple.

You are giving the smell of rose and amber
To this dead existence with the dust of life,
Making every moment fresh.

O Shems of Tebriz,
I kept minting gold with your love,
Because you filled
The high and low points with gold.



194.

Verse 1799

You plotted to cheat and deceive.
You did,
Then threw away the soul of lovers.

You burned the world once more.
You did
And rode Your horse
To the seventh level of sky, ran swiftly.

Did you tear the curtain of the seventh sky?
You did.
You threw the ball to the land of Absence.

After you had given up everything,
Did you recognize the Souls ascending
To the sky one by one?
You did.

You made a fire at Mount Sinai.
You melted the mountain and stone.
You did.

There were waves in the sea of truth,
There were waves.
Yet, you were playing on the sea of Soul,
You kept playing.

You endure, endure. At the end
The sea became tame for You, became submissive.
In order to move Your boat,
You open Your soil, Your soil.



195.

Verse 1806

Absence put its head
At the feet of that Chinese Beauty,
Because Absence resembled a golden anklet.

Tell me the truth Beloved,
Which side of the bed
Did you get out of today?
You became something else,
You were not like this before.

I have seen His color at the face of the Beloved
And asked Him about it.
He shook His head, and said,
“You are not a confidant for that.”

A merchant came to the door yesterday,
But His love said, “Yes, you have gold and silver,
But you are not a gold-like person.”



196.

Verse 1810

⓪ beautiful that souls would be sacrifice
For a trace of your dust.
You came with all kinds of excuses.
Give Your hand, open the door, come inside.
You've come to Your own home.

You strike Absence with existence
And raise such a dust,
Then You are hidden. Wouldn't it be nice
If You appear, if You come back?

It is the same in both worlds.
First pain and suffering,
Then later fun and pleasure.
But You are beyond two worlds.
You are pleasure without pain,
Sweet without bitterness.

There is a pleasure for the known,
A different pleasure for the stranger.
You are as old as the One who has no beginning;
At the same time, You are brand new.
You are the known as well as the stranger.

You are the wound,
Sometimes the salve for Kalender's hearts.
O Absolute light, You are the wound of Absence,
The salve of Absence.

O Sultan of Sultans, since you came
With Your bow and arrow,
Seventy two different nations,
Sects and religions
Have sacrificed to You.

O my Beautiful, You sit at the table
Of the sky with the moon,
But just like the Sun, as soon as You sit down
You swallow the moon.

Can senses and mind bend moonlight?
The only thing they can know is that,
O Sun, You are far more superior than moons.

Shems of Tebriz's love is a great Bairam.⁹⁰
He wouldn't sacrifice you; you are lean sheep.



197.

Verse 1819

If every creature who carries soul
Could drink the wine of love,
Shemseddin's love
Would spread to all the universe.

If his love wouldn't be covered
By the light of jealousies,
That love would be an earring
On the ears of heart and Soul.

What is April's cloud⁹¹ in front of His favors?
His sea of wine covers the universe
From Kaf to Kaf⁹² with waves.

If the assembly of Shemseddin
Weren't beyond two universes,
His cup would keep running this world
Like April's showers.

If his face were not hidden by the jealousy of God,
The Sun and Moon wouldn't be able
To enlighten the world.

If his Beauty came close to Joseph's,
Joseph would stay in a dungeon
With fetters on his feet.

If I weren't concerned with his favors and told,
Even Heaven would turn into
A rose garden with his favor.

O Cupbearer,
If the teeth of the wine were not sharp,
The bitch Self would bite the feet of Soul.

Burn the mud that resembles a candle
With wine's fire.
If this mind is Beytul'ahzen,⁹³ burn it to ashes.

Bring that utterly drunk beloved to our assembly,
Because he has turned into a fable
With deceits and coquetry.

After that, offer wine
From Shems of Tebriz's glass
And watch the lover's admiration.



198.⁹⁴

Verse 1822

You are the Soul of the rose garden,
But you are hidden from the jasmine.
O Soul of Soul of my soul,
How come You were hidden from me?

Since the sky is bright because of You,
Why do you stand behind the curtain?
Since this body is alive because of You,
Why hide from this body?

O Sultan of sage, maturity of God's jealousy,
You have been hidden from men and women
Because of that infinite beauty of Yours.

O light of the seven skies, even if You ascend
Through seven layers of sky, what a secret.
Is it that you hide yourself under the basin?

O Star of Canopus,
Even the Sun doesn't appear in Your light.
Well, well, You went and hid yourself
Even from Yemen.

The musk of Hitay's land⁹⁵
Tells tales about You to the people.
But you are hidden from Hutem⁹⁶
Even if you are the sultan of Ilitay.

It is not surprising that You hide Yourself
From us, from the two worlds.
You are even hidden from Yourself,
O moon who is in ecstasy.

O One who appears to Souls openly,
You are hidden so much that
You are even concealed from concealment.

Page 216 of original Divan

O Shems of Tebriz,
You have fallen in the well, like Joseph.
O water of Life, how come You have
Been concealed from the rope?



199.

Verse 1831

I wish the bird of Soul wouldn't fly
In any sky but the sky of ecstasy.
Soul's candle doesn't shine in any palace
But the palace of ecstasy.

While ecstasy's bird of fortune
Casts his shadow to everything and everyone,
The Sun of God's favor shines on the head of lovers.

Lovers don't pay attention even if they reach
A hundred thousand favors and blessings.
They only long for the troubles of ecstasy.

Look at me,
See how I threw myself into trouble,
When I found so much pleasure
At the abyss of ecstasy.

What is the value of Soul
That man wouldn't sacrifice
A hundred thousand of them
For the hope of ecstasy?

O Lover, don't be a friend of depressed people,
That air of ecstasy would become polluted.

If you want to find the pleasure of ecstasy,
Be cruel to the one who is in love with himself.

If you know and understand ecstasy,
You wouldn't care to lead or be in command.
O Ecstasy, to become top and in control,
Turn into dirt under your feet.

It is nice to be above the Sultan
And against the Sultanate,
But all of this cannot be blood money for ecstasy.

O owner of Ecstasy's house,
If you want to have Shems of Tebriz as a guest,
Vacate the house from yourself, your existence.



200.

Verse 1841

⓪ One who never leaves my heart,
Welcome, come in.
O candle which enlightens the evening, welcome,
You brought joy and happiness.

There are tastes and wines from You
At the convent of Soul's masters.
You are Soul to the Soul of Sufis.
Welcome. You brought peace and happiness.

Night resembles an imperial tent,
The Moon is Sultan,
For sure the Sultan enters the tent.
For your help our throne, our crown,
Our tent also become reality.
Welcome. You brought joy and happiness.

You have gathered pure Souls untimely
To Your temple.
O One who became
The Prophet Mohammed for Love's Sahabe,⁹⁷
Welcome. You brought peace, happiness.

O One who shows his pity, his kindness
After such a long separation,
I cannot fit anywhere with this joy.
Welcome. You brought pleasure and joy.

I was in doubt if whether
You would be kind and generous.
I didn't think of devotedness.
Welcome. You brought joy and happiness.

O night, O moon,
You became the doorkeeper in solitude,
Closed the curtain, kept singing and playing.
Welcome. You brought joy and happiness.

If you arrive at the doorkeeper of Shems of Tebriz,
You will hear these sounds from six dimensions,
Welcome. You brought joy and happiness.



201.

Verse 1849

⓪ One who is the “Me” beyond me,
Who became me, come.
Sit on both my eyes so I can show you the Moon,
Because You are brighter than the moon.

Come to the garden.
That rose garden will be overwhelmed,
Because You are more beautiful than hundreds
Of gardens and meadows and rose gardens.

The Cypress would be shamed
After seeing your stature,
The Iris would hold his tongue inside
After seeing you,
Because you are much better than the Iris.

O candle of Soul, you are softer
Than wax at the time of kindness,
But at the time of coyness, you are harder than
steel.

Don't be hard-headed like the firmament.
O my charmer, even if you are,
That cannot be controlled by bit and halter.
His coyness will soften you,
You will return to earth.

Hamza took all his armor off while he was fighting,
Because you are much better armor to the Soul
Than a thousand bits of armor.

Every shutter, even the eyes
Of the needle are closed.
Because if You are around,
The house is brighter than brightness.



202.

Verse 1856

If you search all over the world,
You cannot find a head without love.
But this love is unique,
Nothing like it has ever been seen.

All loves are longing for this love,
Because this One has hundreds of wings.
The rest of them don't have even one wing.

The beauties of this earth in front of His garden
Are like pictures at the windows of public baths.
Earth's fruits are not permanently fresh,
Nor the branches of trees green forever.

The beauty of earth looks fresh and green
Because of the spell.
But when you grab one branch,
He pulls you to the bottom of earth
Like the rich man with the Kaarun.⁹⁸

It resembles a staff on the outside,
Inside it is a dragon.
Since you are not Moses,
Don't get close to that mean dragon.

Where is Moses's hand that holds his neck,
Makes the dragon a staff?

If you have been pulled constantly,
Make sure that dragon is the one pulling you,
Because he is very hungry.
How can you eat him?

His pulling resembles fire
Plunged into the water,
Everything is known by its opposite.
The opposite of fire is water,
Like the river in Heaven.

O my friend, since you are from Belh,⁹⁹
Go to Baghdad.
Go there and stay away
From Merve and Herat's¹⁰⁰ people.

It's better to mind others,
To become their slave and servant in this assembly.
Come to your senses, don't call
This one a slave, the other a servant.

If you are frozen,
Became cold with your arrogance,
Look for the Sun,
Because help comes to ice from the Sun.

That Sun resembles the Sun of resurrection.
It will melt everything in the earth and sky,
Mountains and hills, rocks and pearls.

That way the people
On judgment day will finally realize
That those were all made by ice, melted away,
And individual intelligence
Wandered in front of the ice
Like a lame donkey.

That donkey shivers with the load on his back
On top of the ice and asks God to give him a barn.

But if Shems of Tebriz
Helps that "individual intelligence,"
His donkey will gain arms and wings
And fly, like Cafer.¹⁰¹



203.

Verse 1871

It is too late to go now,
Don't you see outside through the window?
You burn Jupiter with the light of your moon-face.

Don't look at the window,
Look at my face so you will see
The window of absence.

My face turned into gold
Since I learned the work of jewelers
From your face.
Wherever I turn in six dimensions,
They all become garnet.

Six dimensions are an oxen made of gold.
His bellow is like the sound of gold.
Break this oxen.
Don't be deceived by the spell of Samiri.¹⁰²

O Lion hunter,
Give the oxen a calf for the sound of gold.
Because you are a lion,
You are the hunter of pure, red-color wine's lion.

Enemy of Moslem,
Your blasphemous hair told us,
"If you are an unbeliever, come to us,
If you are a believer, go away."

I asked him, "Did you learn this
From Shems of Tebriz?
Did he tell you that?"
"Yes," he said, and showed me
The Seal of Beauty as proof.



204.

Verse 1878

♫ it inside of my soul
Because you are a different Soul today.
This universe is confused for you because
You are from a different universe.

Sway nicely, O soul's Cypress,
Because today you are a different soul.
Smile nicely, O rose garden,
Because you are from a different rose garden.

All your people have been exhausted
In the struggle of earning bread.
But, O Joseph, you are different bread and water
In this Earth's scarcity.

You are a universe for living, this world
Is the world for slaves and servants.
You are a sign from the Sultan
Whose trace of dust reigns.
By God, you are so different.



205.

Verse 1882

If you don't take an example
From the Jews of Hayber,¹⁰³
If you become more merciless than they are,
How will you be able to reach
Your soul to the Beloved?
How can you carry your heart to that temple?

If you don't smelt the Gold of Cafer¹⁰⁴ in the fire,
How could you be freed
From this muddy world like Cafer-i Tayyar?¹⁰⁵

The eyes of soul cannot see anything
As long as they are covered
By the wrap of the body and soul.
The one who steps on this road as a vagabond
Cannot reach any secret.

You sell too many things cheaply.
As long as your eyes are closed in this market,
You can get only one small piece.



206.

Verse 1886

A fire is needed for lovers,
Particularly a secret fire.
Just to try the coins of braves,
A fire is necessary.

The Sultan branded the heart of lovers.
The throne of the Sultan is in the middle,
But he is surrounded by fire.

His Sun shines on the window of the lover.
We are kept dancing like particles
Inside of the fire.

Come on, O Lovers,
Love has set a table for his fire eaters.
There is a fire in the middle of this table.

The light of this flame reflected the mirror
Of sky so that a fire is scattered with the stars
Over this whirling Universe.



207.

Verse 1891

O charmer, the last word is
That you don't look for us.
O cupbearer, you don't clean
And purify us from sorrows.

At last O Musician, you are not playing
The story of our Beloved.
Never mind playing a lot,
You don't even play a little bit.

If he says I said bad things about you, I did not.
All I said was, "O Beloved,
You become easily irritated and angry."

There is nobody like you
In Beauty and charm in this world.
You are the land of sugar,
But your face is a little bit sour.

Page 217 of original Divan

Look at this Gazel, stained by heart's blood
From the beginning to the end.
If you smell it you will have
The smell of heart's blood.



208.

Verse 1896

The one who leaves the garden for a small fig
Gives up houris for an old, ugly woman.

I am tearing my sleeves and collar.
I feel bad about it, it doesn't look good to me.
A dark and skinny old lady blinked her eyes
To a well set-up young man.

The little old woman, whose mouth smells,
Gave accord to hundreds of musical instruments.
In order to fall down,
One wise man broke his arms and legs.
She sticks her head out from the roof.

Who is that old woman,
That showy, tasteless, somebody who smells
Like a bunch of onions and garlic?

One nice gentleman became her slave,
Gave his heart to her.
Yet, she keeps saying secretly, smiling,
"How stupid is that man?"

That bitter old woman has neither flowers
From the garden of beauty nor a drop of milk
From the breast of loyalty.

When death opens your eyes, you will see
The skin of her face is like shark skin,
Hard and rough,
Her body is black like tar.

No, be silent, advise less, because the bonds
Of that merchant are very strong.
Her chain of love constantly pulls that merchant.
This is inevitable.



209.

Verse 1904

☉cupbearer, minds have moved
Over the house of insanity,
Have settled down there.
The glass of craziness
Is filled to its rim with blood.

The bravery and heroism of insanity
Have set fire to the houses of hundreds
Of thousands of thirsty men and women.

When insanity's comb arranged his hair
Which resembles a chain and adorned him,
We became like a double-headed comb.

Don't you see that under the light of such a candle,
Every moment a new moth of craziness,
A new order of insanity
Comes from the Sultan of love?

Since they have heard the story
Of craziness from the mind,
They plugged their ears
To the thoughts of both worlds.
There is cotton in the ear of soul and heart.

Since the Beloved of craziness
Burned the soul in fire,
Soul has worn so many iron shoes.

Mind runs there with the key made of fire,
But the key of insanity
Has already locked that and gone.

When mind falls into confusion
Because of Shems of Tebriz,
Friends and ourselves all become crazy,
Insane of the madness.



210.

Verse 1912

If I knew the secret of His love well,
I would do the same looting like a Yagma Turk,¹⁰⁶
I would become a friend with him.

If I look for trouble like his bloody eyes,
I would go around troublemakers,
I would join them.

If every flimsy, no-good one
In this world wouldn't hurt me,
I would walk on hearts like love,
Breeze through minds.

My moon-faced Beauty
Wouldn't appear every day
From a different Sign.
I wouldn't keep moving around,
Would settle down in one place.

I couldn't resist His love,
Even if I was a granite rock or marble.
He would still melt and turn me into water.

If the pain of suffering hadn't burned
And melted my being day by day,
I would add more business to my business,
But wouldn't be a lover

If the wave of Shems of Tebriz
Didn't put me on the surface,
I would sink,
Go down to the bottom of the sea.



211.

Verse 1919

The morning you bring help
Is a day of happiness.
The only one who finds this help,
Is the one you made helpless.

Love tears the dress, mind tries to tack it up.
But when you start to sew the heart,
Both become scared and run.

I would burn like aloe wood,
Scattered around like smoke to the end.
What is better than to burn
As long as it is you who puts us in the fire?

Sometimes you dress like trouble,
Come and waylay us on the road.
Sometimes you change your dress,
Come and guide us.

O one who is a true believer,¹⁰⁷
O oxen of Self who offers ambergris
Spread around this pasture,
It is permissible for you to eat,
To sweeten your mouth.

You are such a parrot that has a liking
For a horse, an Arabian foal.
You are such a fish that desires
A woolen dress, linen garment.
Whereas what parrot
Has anything to do with a horse
Or a fish with a dress?

You are a drunk lion,
Your prey is drunk gazelles like you.
How come you open your mouth
For spoiled, smelly cheeses?

How can I talk about Kible?
Everyone has different Kible tonight.
But if you enlighten the evening and appear,
Everybody's' Kible will become one.

If you can have your share
From the garnet of Shems of Tebriz,
Your lowest grade will be higher than the sky.



212.

Verse 1928

If You uncover Your face,
If You show Your moon face,
You will destroy all repentance
Like divine power comes from heaven.

O Beloved, whose promise is so good,
Don't mind my exuberance, my drunkenness.
See the wine you offered me,
That wine that made
My head dizzy, took my mind away?

First You empty the lovers
With the hand of separation,
Then You fill their skin with gold.

O One whose face
Is more beautiful than the moon,
You are the Phoenix of Soul,
Your place is Kafdagi.¹⁰⁸
There is no need to ask,
"From where do You come?
Where is Your country?"

The soul who has the ability
To think and talk when he hears your words
Understands his ignorance, accepts his stammer.

O body, since you are separated from
Everyone except Shems of Tebriz,
You will wear silk,
Gold- and silk-embroidered heavy dresses.



213.

Verse 1934

⓪ Beautiful who is admired by everyone,
O army of love who destroys everything,
Leaves ruin everywhere,

How auspicious a sunrise you are
That Your sun-face enlightened the world of Soul.

Souls are writing their confirmation to You
As Your servant, Your slave, every moment.
To serve Your love is the greatest honor.

What do Souls see from Your face every moment?
Why do they keep singing and dancing like that?

Why do they become guards
At the roof of Your love?
Why do they become doorkeeper at Your door?

What kind of glass is it that You keep offering Souls?
Is it the Water of Life
Or the Fire of Soul in that glass?

What kind of secret did You tell hearts
That they became an enemy to Souls?
What kind of trouble did You give,
That it became a remedy?

What did the light of Your love
Teach the illiterate villager that he
Is reading new things from the book of Absence?

O Shems of Tebriz,
Come down from that great mansion,
That this temporary world becomes immortal.



214.

Verse 1943

Bugra Kaan¹⁰⁹ became head
Of Bugra Kaan reign at Bairam.
Venus descended from the sky
And became the head of the chorus.

The Archangel Gabriel became a guest
Once more of Abraham,
Who is roasting a plump calf for his generosity.

Today is the day of hospitality.
Come on all pure souls,
Skulls should be a bowl for drink
On a day like this.

A strong voice came to me at dawn.
Nice smells are coming from dishes
Of stewed, fried vegetables.

I followed the smell to the kitchen,
It kept pulling me.
There I saw a kitchen filled with bright light.

I asked the cook if he would
Give me a sample to taste,
“Go away,” he said, “Humans don’t deserve that.”

When I insisted, he hit me with the skimmer.
My head became drunk, passed out of itself.
So my mind fell and disappeared.



Verse 1950

The glass said, "Lift me up, how long
Will you be keeping me jailed, how long?
Only my body is glass. When you carry me,
Be careful, don't break me."

"Ask the Cupbearer about me,
He knows my disposition."
I don't like the ones who slander,
Don't treat me justly.

When you become drunk, be aware.
Ask for more, more and more,
Don't disappoint me.
There is a drunkenness beyond that.

I looked calm and quiet to you before,
But I was moving secretly.
That comes from the weakness of your eye.
You are pouring from one lifeless cup to the other.

If you want to live well,
Don't indulge in thoughts and imaginations.
Stay away from the malice of time.
If your observation is weakened,
Try to stay on a straight line.



216.

Verse 1955

My God, You are the One
Who gives relief to the sick.
You are the One
Who is hidden in kindness and favors.

You have made them sick
So they would beg, plead to You.
Because You are the One
Who buys screams and yells.

They are all looking for a remedy
For their troubles.
The remedy of their troubles
Is looking for You, asking for You.
Because You are the One who creates the trouble
As well as the remedy.

Problems lead men to other people's doors,
Where all curtains existed before.
You are the ultimate conclusion.
They all end up at Your door in the end.

Wherever there is a closed door, an impasse,
You are the One who closed that to the eye.
Wherever there is a work
That is in demand, that illuminates,
You are the One who shines there.

In order to calm down,
You gave yells and screams
To the ones who are hurt.
But when I looked at Your real world,
You were the one who yelled and screamed.

P. 218 of original Divan

By God, I swear it is so,
You are the One who says, "You are."
You are the ball on this field,
You are the club and You are
The One who watches the game.

If someone denies that and tries to bring evidence,
You are the One who brings this evidence,
Because of the anxieties of his Self.

If someone is afraid while saying, "You are."
You are the One
Who is hidden in the fear of his Soul.

You changed the corner of the dungeon
To a rose garden with one thought.
The torture of every dungeon is from You,
So is the pleasure of every rose garden from You.

Someone wants this, the other wants that.
You are the One who made each one different.
You are their instigator, their trials.

One loves this,
The other hates the very same thing.
You are the One who covers the eyes.
You are the Kible,¹¹¹
You are everything for the eyes and heart.

You make a hundred thousand forms and shapes
Slave on one form and shape.
He is Sultan, no, his Sultanate is only a trap.
You are the Sultan.

Servitude, possessions and sovereignty
Are all in Your handwriting.
Right and wrong
And all writings of this school are Yours.

Our bodies are houses,
Our Souls guests in those houses.
Bodies and Souls are Your shadows,
You are the Soul of that guest.

We put our hand to worship,
Turn our eyes toward faith,
With the hope You will show us that faith is You.

Put Your hand of kindness and generosity
To our head.
We are looking at You with bright eyes.
Do Your kindness, that kindness is also You.

Our heedlessness,
Our attention is only good with You.
In fact, You are awake; for that reason,
Our heedlessness has no foundation

It is absurd to repent and ask Your pardon.
The idea of breaking the repentance is even worse.
If Souls broke their repentance,
That repentance is also Yours.

You make souls like gold, copper and agate.
How wonderful it is that You are the mine.
But jewels are all different.

During the day,
We have all kinds of attributes and dispositions,
We behave differently.
But when night comes,
You purify us from all these attributes.
You are the One who owns all these.

We feel pity, feel sorry for each other
From morning to evening.
But when night comes, all our sorrows reach You,
Because You are the One who feels pity.

There are earthly Sultans
Who reign in palaces and imperial tents.
Those are all a farce.
We have learned this very well,
That You are the only One who reigns
At the palace, at the imperial tent.



217.

Verse 1978

The town crier yells toward all kinds of people,
Asks them, "O Moslems,
Have you seen someone who ran away?"

His face is like the moon, smells like musk.
The one who instigates trouble among the people,
He is fast to go with coyness,
But slow to come in the time of peace.

He wears a red robe, beautiful face,
A very sweet child.
His stature is like a Cypress,
He has playful eyes.
He is a reckless, agile child.

He has a Rebab¹¹² on his lap,
The bow is in his hand.
He plays such sweet, heart-catching melodies.

Is there anyone who has fruit
From the garden of his beauty?
Is there anyone who has a bouquet of roses
From his rose garden?

He is such a Joseph that the Sultan of Egypt
Is unable to appreciate his worth.
There is a broken-hearted Jacob everywhere
Because of his looks.

I would give my life as a prize
To anyone who finds a trace of him,
To the one who talks about him, openly or secretly.



218.

Verse 1985

☪ moon, who gained such a degree
Of beauty and kindness
That it cannot be praised by tongue,
You open so many doors of opportunity
In the firmament.

You removed so many
Uhud's mountains¹¹³ from heart,
Showed so many attributes of God to the eyes.

Since You put that honey
To the mouth of earth's people,
They keep flying like bumble bees.

The mind that You made and caused him
To be tired of himself is so stupid.
The soul that You caught
And put inside of You is so beautiful.

When you hear the lies of the blind,
Remember the words of Elest¹¹⁴ time,
Your ears will rejoice with those words.

You smile very little, you praise very little
To the face of poisonous people.
Even if You did that,
You did it for these unworthy people
Because of the force, the necessity of this world.

You have so much taste, so much sweetness,
You don't care for butter and honey.
You are Paluze,¹¹⁵
You cook with Your own oil,
Sweeten with Your own sugar.
You are nothing but taste and pleasure.

O One whose every claim has meaning,
The One who goes beyond meaning,
You have gone a hundred stages
Further than every idea, every thesis.

All your life you've been looking
For someone like Shems of Tebriz.
But you worry for nothing because
You won't be able to find him.



219.

Verse 1994

Ⓢ Charmer, who constantly brings
The water of life,
From where do you bring this water?
Really, this time you brought
The One who adds soul to Soul.

You brought such a Sun from God's light
That it covers from East to West,
Pierces everything, like lightning.

Don't ask for directions from the ones
Who lost their way,
Passed out looking at your face,
Because you reflected on them
With the light of greatness,
You astonished them.

After bringing such a sea
From the land of immortality,
It would be a shame for the soul to die.

There are no fears from fate and destiny for lovers,
Because you make fate drunk,
Involved with divine judgment.

Our Soul is unable to fit its skin in Your joy,
Because You are the One
Who brought this Beauty for us.

O Shems of Tebriz, you tormented me,
But all I know is you did a favor
With every one of those torments.



220.

Verse 2001

Every part reaches the origin of origins like that.
What a nice world, what a beautiful view.

He is going everywhere
With that wine without a jar.
He sees a sober beauty in every corner.

He is such a charmer that if a marble rock
Gets a smell from his lips, it becomes alive
With a mind and thoughts of its own.

Wine has stolen an attribute
From the lips of my Beloved,
Became Soul to the drunk with those lips.

At dawn, a monk became a friend to me
On the way to the monastery.
I have noticed he also shares my troubles,
Busy doing the same thing.

That nice friend brought a jar,
With that drink my soul became drunk, passed out.

In this world of ecstasy, Shems of Tehirz
Showed the way of Union to helpless ones.



221.

Verse 2008



one who is the nanny, the nurse to heart,
The shadow of God,
O one whose Sun
Hasn't cast a shadow to both worlds,

He moves the Sun and sky like small particles;
They mix everything
And give new life from His majesty.

You make love and the lover, laugh and dance,
You give love, burn the mind, thought.
You are peerless and independent.
You do whatever You want.

When Soul saw a trace,
Such good in the eye, he borrowed
Another eye from Your love.

Even the toothless elderly have gone
Through troubles with His love.
Even cautious mind has lost its mind
With His love, become inconsistent.

You are a hundred thousand years
Beyond existence and absence.
But because of humility,
You have been acting like a neighbor to Absence.

O Shems of Tebriz,
You are the mountain of mildness, gentleness.
Both worlds are your throne.
Watch us from an open-secret rock.



222.

Verse 2015

That deceitful Beauty
Who strikes lightning from His face
To the heart of every helpless soul,

When flames like lights from those fiery lips
Reflected to marble,
A sea of pearl was created inside of the rock.

These hundreds of pieces of heart
Bribed the doorkeeper of Soul
That came in front of the curtain
And became one piece again.

Heaven is made of eight orchards, eight gardens;
Every one of them like a book.
Watch them all on His face, His cheek.

O Source of joy and music,
My heart has gone
Into a store with Your love.
He became friendly at work,
At the same time at the store.

What kind of bird is that bird of my heart?
On the one hand, he sits down like a camel,
On the other, he is turning around flames
Just like an ostrich fed by fire.

Particles have turned toward the moon.
Because of the Sun of Your love,
A new star is born every moment in the sky.

They haven't seen Your shape, Your body,
But they are telling of it, one by one,
Like Jesus who talked in the cradle
With the Glory of Mary.

O Shems of Tebriz, why all these changes
In the affairs of the heart?
He settles down with love, at the same time
He becomes a vagabond from love.



223.

Verse 2024

Heart is like a moth in front of the Soul's candle.
He has built a house with the light
Of the Beloved's candle and stays there.

One greatest of the great, one lion hunter,
One love's drunk, one instigator is sober
And awake at the side of the Beloved.
He is crazy, insane when he is alone, is by himself.

He is angry in appearance, but peaceful inside.
His face is bitter, but he is very sweet himself.
I have never seen anyone so much a stranger
And at the same time so close to the world.

Page 219 of original Divan

A drunk would be troubled
If he saw the face of the candle
In spite of his hundreds
Of different experienced minds.

The threshing of fire covered the valley of love.
His grain is fire, His soul is only a glass.

If I tell the situation of my heart openly,
The light of glory covers
The whole world like Mount Sinai.

Shall I call you candle or Beloved,
Or the one who adds Souls to Soul?
You are the essence of Soul,
Cypress-statured infidel, Beloved.

In front of His throne there is an old man,
He is tapping his feet on the ground,
Keeps dancing.
But he is an ocean of knowledge,
Smart intelligent, has power and control.

He grabbed the skirt of knowledge with his teeth,
But Love's pincers have left no teeth in his mouth.

I am bewildered by the light of this old man.
He annihilated himself in the Beloved.
He has a face like a mirror,
I have two heads like combs.

I have grown old in the light
Of the beauty of this old charmer.
I became a moth for him,
He doesn't care for me at all.

At the end, O master of the universe of knowledge,
I said, "Change the climate of favors to a mention
With your talent, and settle down there."

O sharp-eyed one, O one who sees ahead,
He said to me, "Listen to this sound,
This masterly advice from me."

Watch how knowledge, philosophy,
The philosopher, our education, and manners
Are overwhelmed in front
Of a rose-faced piece of pearl.

Then suddenly, what did I see?
A Soul, a bewitching beauty of heart.
O Moslem, help; send someone to help me.

You tell them all half-open, half-closed.
Enough, tell this openly.
Don't worry with jealousy, be brave.

Shems, the Sun of Tebriz and religion,
Is such a master of masters, that
The rest of these talks came to rest with His love
Where there is no beginning of the beginning.



224.

Verse 2041

☞oul has become melancholic because of
The Greatest of the Great, Shemseddin,
But he has a knowledge beyond
The darkness of loves.

My fortune found greatness
In the air of Shemseddin,
Such a greatness that even assumption
Won't be able to go beyond.

My love has made me so confused
That I cannot differentiate
Greatness from lowliness.

Waves of love and craziness
Have arisen so much with His wind
That I turned into sticks and straws
On top of the waves.
I have been thrown from one place to the other.

Love is a thief in the hearts, walks alone
And steals the mind at night.

Heart had plans and opinions before this love.
But, what's the use of plans and opinions
When you sink into the water.

Go to the asylum of lovers
And see a crazy one everywhere.
See an insane one in every corner.

I saw love yesterday.
He was crying from separation
At the roof of my heart.

There is something special
About falling in love with you, O Heart,
He lowers man,
But there is such a greatness in that,
That he builds you up again.

My soul, which never stops to rest,
Constantly changes and has become immortal
Since it found Him.

Leave all these empty things for one moment,
Watch how to offer new Soul
In every breath and turn into the Messiah.

When your soul is cleansed under your curtain
In each breath you breathe,
You will understand
How Jesus was born from every breath.

When you give birth without a father, like Mary,
Your pink cheeks become pale, turn into saffron.

Mention the name of Shemseddin
To whomever you will,
That everybody will become a slave
And servant at his door,
So your poems, your prose
Will be shining and become beautiful.

You consider my poems
Like blood, not words,
Because blood oozes from the eyes
As well as from the heart.

When blood boils and overflows,
I would turn it to poems in order
Not to spill it on my body, my dress.

I was a doorkeeper, a watchman
At the temple of that Sultan.
Now I am suffering from his separation.

Heart has gone to foreign lands with the wind
Of that stately bird of kindness' Sun,
Become invisible like an Ankaa.¹¹⁶

He is unique, peerless for charm and beauty.
For that reason,
Time has given the habit of loneliness to Soul.

How can I give up hope for the gazelle
When I want to smell musk in every breath?

Alas for me,
From the Mars-like blood-shaded cheeks.
Alas for me,
From the looter with infidel eyes.

Mind is a lover who has been laid down
To the ground at His corridors of love.
Speech is like a trumpet player,
A drum player in His army.

He saw all my troubles and problems,
I can't say he ignores them at all.

I looked at my Soul which has been dressed
With the color of love.
I saw that he is troubled with pain,
Furious and a confused one.

I asked him, "What has happened?"
He answered me, "Forget me completely,
This love is not for today or tomorrow,
I am involved with Him forever.

In the town where His love's Nurshirvan¹¹⁷ reigns,
There is a Hatem-i Tayy¹¹⁸ who gives Soul as a gift.

Wherever His glass of love serves,
Mind has given up the soul, become invisible.

His image came to Heart at midnight.
Now you see Joseph everywhere,
You watch Houris in every corner.

Scattered sugar from His lips
At the time of union,
Makes souls so sweet
They drip sugar from every hair.

The older His love gets,
The more it makes a man drunk like old wine.
Now who would talk about the age of the soul?

Shake this chain of love, increase my exuberance,
Raise love's sea, increase my craziness.

What an amazing sea it is that because of Your
Mighty power, it turned into a drop.
It cannot be a sea all the time.

Your hair is crushing ambergris to heal the mind,
The intelligence that has become the place
Of the wounds of Your love.

Present time Joseph's and troublesome beauties' faces
Are turning to Him because of helplessness.
They are adorned and beautified from His beauty.

If He becomes Moses, I learn all of Judaism.
If He becomes Jesus, I become a Christian.

If He favors soul, I turn into soul, like air.
If He comes to Earth, I become earthly.

My Soul has folded like a table with His separation.
A piece of bread out of His oven
Is the one that expands Him.

Self and Satan are both fed at the pasture
Of the pride of His favor
And, instead of forgiving,
Give bad orders to people.

If He uncovers His face,
Self becomes unselfish,
Satan turns into a clean-hearted man.

O morning breeze,
If you bring a handful
Of dirt from Tebriz and scatter it
To my eyes and head,
My soul will be a servant and slave to you.



225.

Verse 2081

The Soul of souls loves the one
Who runs and falls, he wants him.
He is in the word of the wise,
In the heart of lovers.

The things which are said as words
Will go away,
“I don’t love the sitting ones.”¹¹⁹
The things which are in the heart
Will reach immortality.

Heart resembles sky, word is like earth.
These are difficult stages, from earth to sky.

Heart is like a cloud, chests are roofs.
This tongue is like a gutter,
Rain flows through there.

Water comes clean from the heart to the chest,
But if the chest is dirty,
Words become bad and empty.

The One who leaks moisture from the cloud
Reaches the water.
The man who has talent in his gutter
Is able to obtain water.

The one who steals water from other's gutters
Is a thief.

The one who steals water from the other's roof
Is only a narrator, a teller of tales.

The lover is the one
Who grows roses and narcissus from his tears.
The one who picks narcissus is called a gatherer.
He only ties up bunches.

Even if both scales balance
At the time of weighing,
They are equal to each other
If the balancer is no good,
Or the scales weigh wrong.

Page 220 of original Divan

Every word of the One whose Soul's
Smell and color are hidden has meaning.

A good doctor is a just man,
Even if he gives bitter medicine to the patient.

The foot finds its shoes, even in the dark.
Heart knows its way through pleasure.

You are at the heart in this flood,
In Noah's ark.
Even this stage is scary,
But don't be afraid, you are safe.

“If you want to know anybody,
Look at the one who is hanging around,
Because good ones are next to other good ones.”¹²⁰

Don't do things to others
That you don't want done to you.
This is a rule
Which covers everything and everybody.”¹²¹

Put cotton in your ears,
Don't hear every secret word.
Because you are an absolute Soul
Who accepts every color.

The one who is saved is the one whose soul
Surpassed the seven layers of heaven.
Nourished by His breath of Souls,
He is purified by Besmele.¹²²

This air waits in ambush.
When he sees someone alone,
He tells him, “Look, this stranger is absent-minded.”

If you want reunion, hang around
The people who have found reunion.
Ask for meaning
From the one who has found meaning.

Turn around the drunks
Even if there is not enough wine,
Its smell is enough.
But how do sober ones know the taste of wine?

Learn a subtle point
In the answer of each question,
They will call you a great man.

If you cannot reach the top
Because of your deficiency,
Go to Shems of Tebriz,
He is the mature man of time.
He will mature you.



226.

Verse 2103

⓪ One who keeps running,
Even your soul is mixed with wine.
Where did you drink this wine?
Where did you find
The way to the place of this wine?

With what eyes did you go through darkness?
With what feet did you walk
Through this roadless road?

How did you remove yourself from daily affairs
And gain a mirror from a beauty
Of heart-catching charm?

Haven't you shed your blood
Thousands of times?
Haven't you died thousands of times
When you were alive?

Haven't you melted thousands of times
From the crucible of trials, like copper?

Haven't you burned your arm,
Your wing at love's sea?
Haven't you walked above the sky?

There is no trace of the dust
Of this road on your shoes.
You are beyond all of this,
You are the man of secrets.

Open your eyes, look at me;
You are in the sea of knowledge,
You are pure, not turbid.

My Soul said that you have been lost
By the favors of Shems of Tebriz
Who is the greatest of the great,
To whom everybody becomes a slave and servant.

O that stone-hearted one; if he looks at you
Beyond the evidence you have acquired,

You become a jewel,
Even if you are a helpless, worthless stone,
The kind of jewel you have been describing.



227.

Verse 2114

My musician becomes drunk,
He strikes the tambourine and up comes
A tune of Ushshak.¹²³

Get your packs ready,
O friend of the sultan of two worlds,
Sitting at the top of the throne. Open His flag.

Prophets and saints are all bewildered
At His temple.
John the Baptist, David and Joseph
Are all throwing nice summersaults.

Who are Jesus and Moses,
Even the Archangel Gabriel
Who is the doorkeeper casting abstract spells
With His charms?

The Soul of Abraham has become crazy,
Insane by His longing,
Striking his sword to the necks
Of Ishmael and Isaac.

Ahmed says to Him,
"I wish I could see my brothers, meet them."¹²⁴
In front of His senses wished Abu Bakr.
Kept saying, "It is true, it is true."

Leyla and Mecnun
Have been suffering from Absence.
Husrev and Shirin
Have been drinking bright glasses
In the world of pleasure.

Shems of Tebriz has stood as a drunk,
Bow in his hand,
Throwing arrows to the souls of the ignorant.

Rustem¹²⁵ and Hamza¹²⁶
Are only a sword shield in front of Him.
That brave one is cutting
The neck of Hisham, like Haydar.¹²⁷

Who could that one be
That can show that kind of bravery?
Only Shems of Tebriz
Could split the moon in two pieces.

In spite of the one who denies Husameddin,¹²⁸
You do write the name of that love's Sultan.

Whoever hears the name of Shems of Tebriz
And prostrates, his Soul is honored at that temple.
He keeps yelling, "I am God," there.¹²⁹

The one who stays at a distance
And barks like a dog
And keeps saying "Watch, watch,"
Is in denial, his face is dark.
He was expelled from Mercy,
Kicked out of that temple forever.



NOTES

- 1 The griefs suffered by mankind.
- 2 Koran LXXVI-5: A fountain from which the servants of God shall drink.
- 3 Name of legendary King of ancient Persia.
- 4 Koran LXXLIII-6: Earth - cradle.
- 5 Koran XXXIII-72: Surely we offered trust to the heaven and earth and mountains, but they refused to be unfaithful and feared it.
- 6 The father of ignorance, enemy of the Prophet (d. 649).
- 7 Ahmed: The prophet Mohammed.
- 8 Koran I-16.
- 9 Specially minted gold.
- 10 Koran XXIV-35: Allah is the light of heaven and earth; a likeness of His light is like a niche in which there is a lamp. The lamp is in a glass and the glass is as if it were a brightly shining star lit from a blessed olive tree, neither eastern nor western.
- 11 Galinos: A famous physician.
- 12 Ebu Ali Sina: An Islam sage (d. 1037).
- 13 Old Persian saying of opposites.
- 14 Bird in Paradise who eats bones.
- 15 Legendary mountain where the Phoenix lives.
- 16 This gazel is written in Arabic.
- 17 Koran XIII-3: Surely there are signs in this for people who reflect.

- 18 An unconventional sage.
- 19 The fourth Khalif, Ali, son of the Prophet's uncle Murtaza, Ibn Ebu Talib (598-661).
- 20 Huseyin and Hasan: Second and third imams - sons of Ali (Hasan 624-670; Huseyin 625-680).
- 21 Hasan: Random name.
- 22 Matius VIII-19.
- 23 Vâmik & Azrâ: Lovers in a Persion love story written by Unsuri (d.1040).
- 24 Azrâ: See above (footnote #23).
- 25 Sakiz: Special kind of rose.
- 26 Kind of rose from the city of Van.
- 27 Another species of rose.
- 28 Koran XLVIII-1: Surely, we have given to you a clear victory.
- 29 Koran XCIV-1.
- 30 Sana'i: Abul-Majd Majdud (d.1131) Mevlana admired Sana'i so much that he used Sanai pseudonym here and also in a few gazels for Shems of Tebriz.
- 31 A measure of weight.
- 32 City in Eastern Turkestan.
- 33 Failot: Failot became failen for the purpose of rhyme.
- 34 Koran LI-47.
- 35 Koran IX-112.
- 36 Koran LXX-4.
- 37 Koran XXI-93.
- 38 Koran XXVIII-80.
- 39 Koran XXVI-44.

- 40 Koran LVI-10.
- 41 Koran XXXVII-165.
- 42 Koran LIX-13.
- 43 28th letter of Ottoman and Persian alphabet, 25th of Arabic.
- 44 Koran LXVIII.
- 45 Koran LVI-81.
- 46 Koran LII-30.
- 47 Koran LXVIII-20.
- 48 Koran LXVIII-19.
- 49 Direction in which Moslems turn to pray to Mecca.
- 50 Constellation Aquilla.
- 51 The one to whom legendary help comes when expected the most.
- 52 Koran XLVIII-1.
- 53 A king of the Gaznevi Empire (d.1030).
- 54 This gazel is written in Arabic.
- 55 Koran III-113.
- 56 Koran II-117 and other Surahs.
- 57 Ashabi-Kehf: Companions and disciples of the Prophet. Companions of the cave. Seven Christians escaped from a tyrant king to a cave with a dog and slept for 339 years. Also attributed to Plato's cave analogy.
- 58 Turcoman: Referral to the nomad life of Turcoman.
- 59 A magic demon.
- 60 Koran XXIV-35.
- 61 Koran LV-20.

- 62 Niche in a mosque indicating the position to Mecca.
- 63 Persian king.
- 64 Selchuk king.
- 65 Son of Rustem.
- 66 Fakih: Muslim jurist.
- 67 Helal: Religiously admissible.
- 68 Haram: Religiously inadmissible.
- 69 Ibn i Bevvab: Famous calligrapher (d.1031), the doorkeeper of King Memun.
- 70 Kadi: Muslim jurist.
- 71 Old saying.
- 72 In Persian mythology, a cloud which covers the sun and later turns into a three-headed snake.
- 73 Legendary sage.
- 74 Famous Persian king.
- 75 La is "not".
- 76 A male servant.
- 77 Only He is.
- 78 Akl-i kul: Universal intellect.
- 79 Every breath keeps us alive, but at the same time drags us to our death (Divan, Ali Bulak 1251 p. 34).
- 80 Celebi: Title of respect for a man. Later, a title of the leader of Mevlevi order.
- 81 May be a reference of Mevlana's family's migration from Central Asia to the land of Rum.

- 82 Alaeddin Muhammed Harezmi Shah: The ruler of Harezmi, besides the danger of upcoming Mongol invasion, caused the migration of Mevlana's father whom the king saw as a challenge to his power.
- 83 Husrev and Shirin are characters in a love story.
- 84 Maybe Mevlana's confusion to try to describe Shems of Tebriz.
- 85 Ab-i Hayat: The water of life.
- 86 Kalender: A sect of dervishes.
- 87 Laillaheillallah: There is no God but God. "Illa" means "but, except."
- 88 Means "nothing."
- 89 Koran III-26. You sometimes make us poor, sometimes a Sultan.
- 90 Religious feast day.
- 91 April rain was considered the source of good luck and prosperity and was gathered in special cups.
- 92 Mythological mountain.
- 93 House of sorrow. Jacob's tent after the loss of Joseph to this world.
- 94 This poem is definitely a eulogy for Shems. The last verse may be an indication of Shems' assassination. (Golpinarli Divan-i Kebir, Volume 3).
- 95 Eastern Turkestan.
- 96 City in Eastern Turkestan.
- 97 The disciples of Prophet Mohammed.
- 98 Kaarun: Legendary rich.
- 99 Belh: City where Mevlana was born in Central Asia.

- 100 Cities.
- 101 Cafer-i tayyer: Martyred in war, lost his arms, so
he flew.
- 102 Koran XX-87.
- 103 Geographical name in the Middle East.
- 104 The most valuable gold.
- 105 See previous note.
- 106 One kind of Turkish tribe. The other is Bulgar.
Also means loot, the word is used both ways.
- 107 Koran LXXXIX-27.
- 108 Kafdagi: Legendary mountain where the
phoenix lives.
- 109 Bugra Kaan: Head of the invading Mongol
army in the Near East during Mevlana's time.
- 110 This gazel is written in Arabic.
- 111 The direction of Kaaba in Muslim praying.
- 112 A three-stringed instrument.
- 113 Mountain in Medina.
- 114 Koran XIX 29-33.
- 115 Jelly made with starch and sugar.
- 116 Ankaa: legendary bird, the phoenix.
- 117 Nurshirvan: A King of Iran known as a just
ruler (d.576).
- 118 Hatem-i Tayy: He is known for his kindness and
generosity. Built fires on the mountain for the
ones who lost their way (d. 604).
- 119 Koran VI-76
- 120 Khadis: Cami al Sayyer II p. 173.
- 121 Matthew VII, 12.

- 122 The formula "bismillah" in the name of God.
- 123 One of the melodic patterns in near-Eastern music.
- 124 My brothers are the ones who believe me but are
unable to see me (Khadis-Ahadisi Mesnevi Murned
p.34).
- 125 Persian mythological hero.
- 126 Uncle of the Prophet.
- 127 Surname of Khalif Ali.
- 128 A close friend, disciple and follower of Mevlana.
- 129 Famous words of Mansur.



archegos

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Come on, O Lovers,
Love has set a table
For his fire eaters.
There is a fire
In the middle of this table.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn
Rumi

Divân-i Kebîr 8b
Verse 1889